April 1971

The Late John Lennon; Inside Chile; Howard Hughes & Cable TV 75c

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A separate peace: Sign the treaty with the Vietnamese

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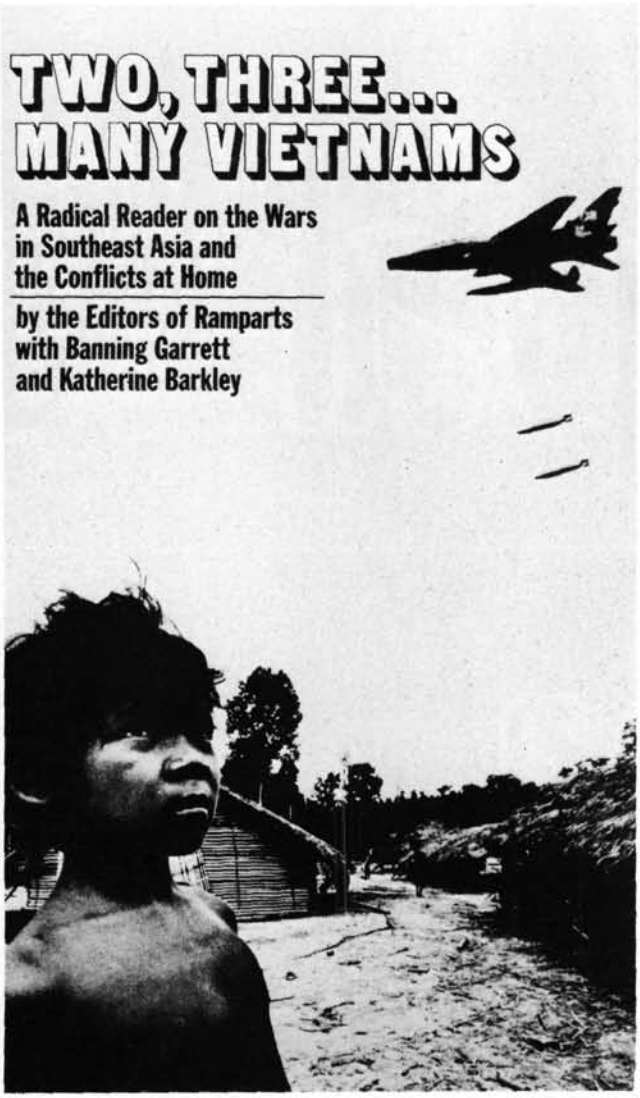

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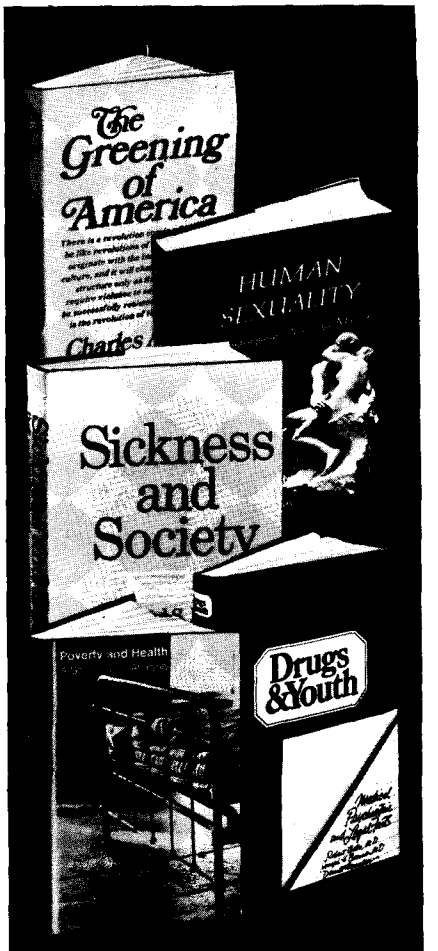

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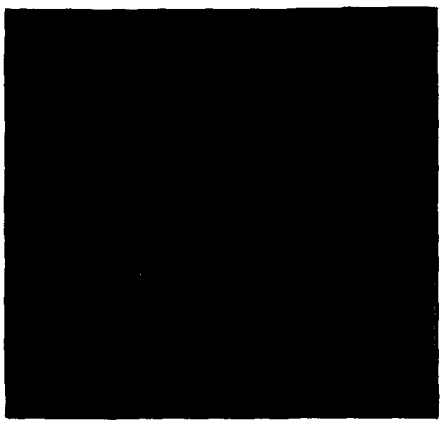

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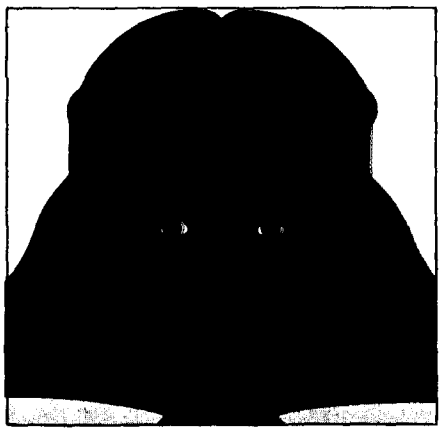

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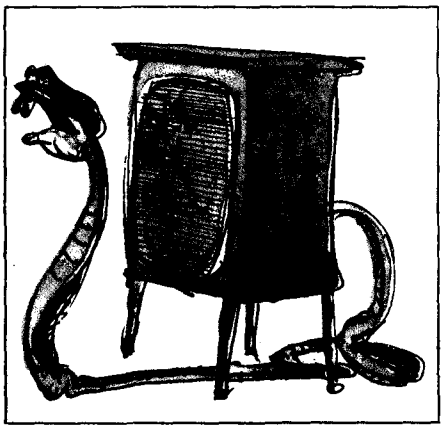

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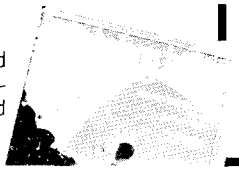

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Hard Times

Welfare Trade-Off

Nixon proposes to get rid of the food stamp program . . . and many Democrats go along with the idea. The plan is to substitute cash instead of stamps. Nixon proposes a combined basic welfare-food stamp program of $2000 a year . . . less than half of what it costs to eat at bare existence.

SOME LIBERAL Democrats believe they can succeed in playing off revenue-sharing against welfare and thereby wreck the President on both counts. This will involve a tricky series of traps and intrigues, and in order to understand them, it may be useful to have some background.

In last year's version of the family assistance plan, only 500,000 Southerners, or less than seven per cent of more than seven million welfare recipients, would receive additional help under the program. That reform would guarantee a minimum payment of $1600 to an unemployed family of four. At the time, only seven states, all of them in the South, paid below that basic guaranteed amount. They included Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, South Carolina and Tennessee.

This year the basic proposal remains much the same. It also involves the basic federal guarantee of $1600, but two populous states, Florida and Georgia, have moved their benefit levels above the $1600 floor, so that in actual numbers the plan would help fewer people by about one-third.

The basic idea behind this "reform" is to help the working poor, but the family assistance plan doesn't do that either. A family of four is ineligible for federal aid once it earns more than $3920 a year. The National Welfare Rights Organization believes $5500 is a bare minimum under which a family can survive. Under the Administration's proposed plan, nearly 50 per cent of those added to the welfare rolls would be in the South. For this reason the scheme always has been viewed as part of the Southern Strategy, creating an enlarged class of welfare recipients in the Deep South who would thank Nixon for their barely improved existence. More to the point, by putting a floor beneath the working poor the Administration might succeed in dampening worker interest in unions. The recent industrialization of the South is made possible in large part because of cheap, non-union labor.

The food stamp program was restricted in the last Congress. Under the new law those seeking food stamps ($160 a month to feed a family of four—29 cents per person per meal) must first agree to take a ditch-digging or street-sweeping job at a minimum wage of $1.30 an hour or less. However, the work regulations probably won't be put into effect until July. In addition, there is a change in the law which is aimed at denying food stamps to freaks. From now on, in order to qualify for food stamps for everyone living in a household, the inhabitants must be "related individuals." This is specifically aimed at excluding communes.

Now Nixon proposes to get rid of the food stamp program altogether, and many Democrats go along with the idea. The plan is to substitute cash instead of stamps. Nixon proposes a combined basic welfare food stamp program of $2000 a year, while the Democrats want $2450 a year—or less than half of what it costs to eat at bare existence.

The resultant deal may well involve a trade-off of welfare reform for revenue-sharing. States now pay out $6 billion in welfare costs; Nixon has proposed giving the states $5 billion off the top of federal tax revenues for his "revolutionary" revenue-sharing scheme. Democrats suggest that the $5 billion be used to buy out the state welfare operations, freeing the state money for other purposes. But a consolidation of welfare under the federal bureaucracy is not what Nixon had in mind when he proposed the "revolution"; yet if he vigorously opposes the maneuver, that may unite Republicans and Democrats who have always hated the idea of revenue-sharing, and thereby kill both revenue-sharing and the welfare "reform" as well.

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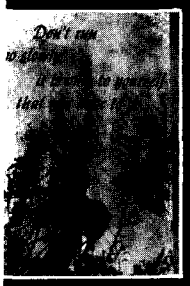
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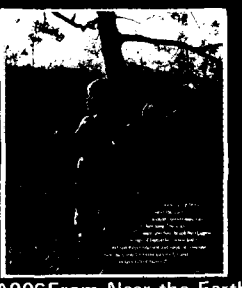
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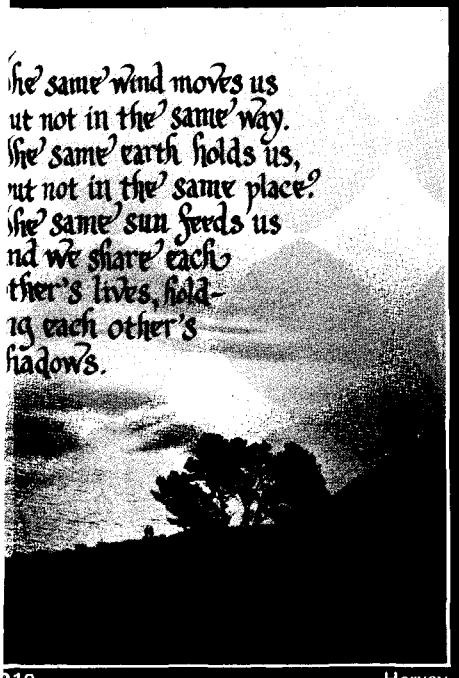
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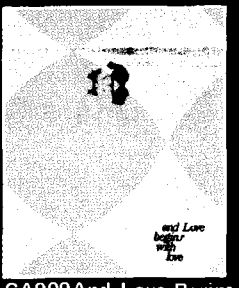
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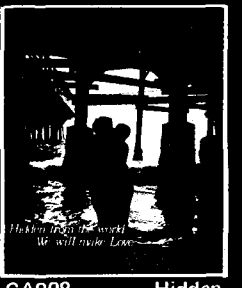
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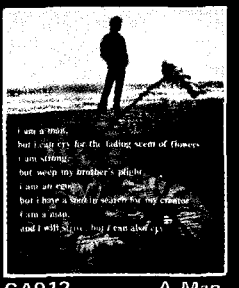
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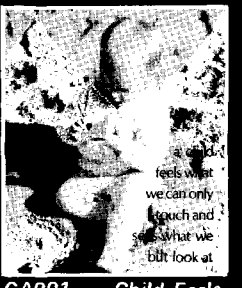
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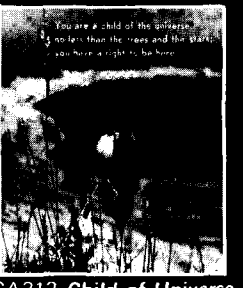
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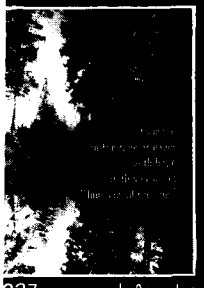
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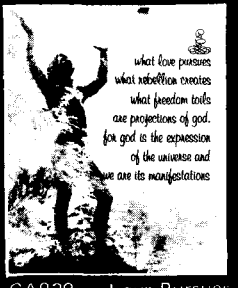

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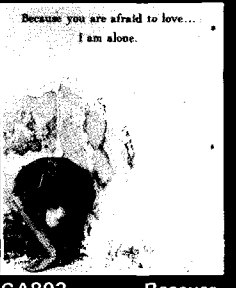

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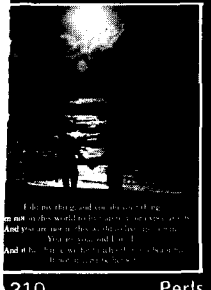
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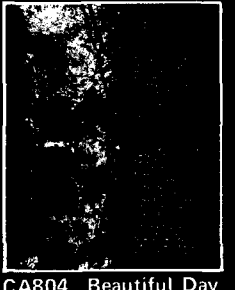
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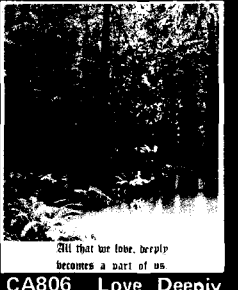

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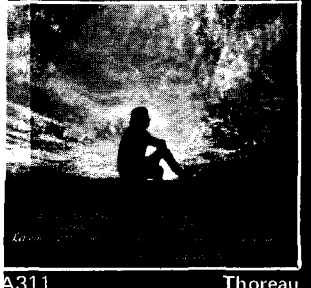
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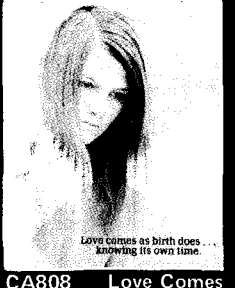

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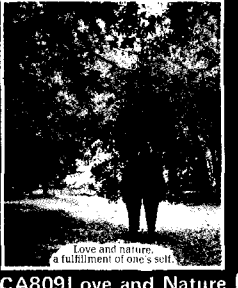

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Food Conspiracy

The operation overhead is covered variously by the pooled labor of members or through a service charge of $1 or $2 a week. In no case is there a mark-up on the cost of the food.

THE FOOD CONSPIRACY idea is catching on all over the country. Thousands of buying clubs, co-ops or "conspiracies" have started during the past year or so. In scattered instances local merchants are beginning to strike back.

While there are variations to the conspiracy idea, the basic scheme works like this: Community groups form, then place weekly orders with a central "warehouse." The warehouse pools all orders and sends out vans to wholesale markets or, if possible, to manufacturers or producers to buy in bulk. The food is sorted out at the warehouse and passed on to the different buyers at the same cost at which it was purchased. The operation overhead is covered variously by the pooled labor of members or through a service charge of $1 or $2 a week. In no case is there a mark-up on the cost of the food.

Savings can run as much as 15–25 per cent of a commune's or family's food bill. Major reductions can be obtained in meat and produce, with smaller savings in canned goods. The problem is that buying groups are generally too small to buy direct from producers. Since chain stores are vertical operations, running large ranches and farms as well as retail outlets, it is difficult to better them on some items, particularly canned foods. But buying groups cut out any sort of mark-up, and that can mean a lot, since chain stores spend a lot for advertising.

In Cambridge some 200 buying units (families, communes, individuals, etc.) formed 20 or so block co-ops which purchase food. In Washington, D.C., the GLUT warehouse scheme serves 2000 people each week. Orders are placed a week in advance; the money is also paid in advance. Then GLUT sends buyers to wholesale markets as far away as Pennsylvania to make the best buys. Members pay a ten per cent service charge; if they work at GLUT, the charge is five per cent. Prices run between 15 and 20 per cent below chain stores, and far below corner mom-and-pop stores. Still, blacks are suspicious of GLUT because it demands money paid out in advance. In the Berkeley food conspiracy different groups take the responsibility for buying the different sorts of food. This concept seems by far the simplest and does away with the warehouse notion altogether.

The food conspiracy movement runs into trouble from local merchants and established cooperatives. For instance, when the Washington, D.C., GLUT sought to join forces with the neighboring Greenbelt, Maryland, co-op (an established and successful co-op), Greenbelt refused to cooperate. Instead it offered to sell GLUT food at a ten per cent discount. In Wynne, Arkansas, welfare mothers rented a bus to buy food in West Memphis because their food stamps went further in stores there. But Wynne merchants protested and the women were told to cut out buying at West Memphis or they would lose their food stamps.

Food conspiracies are not the usual sort of co-op. Historically some co-ops have been used to serve special interests and to achieve economic concentration. For instance, the Rural Electric Co-operatives ran electricity back and forth over Indian reservations but wouldn't hook up the overhead lines to Indian cabins. REA claimed Indians couldn't pay the bill, and no wonder: REA electricity was more expensive than private power. (Incidentally, REA hires out to AID in South Vietnam as part of the pacification program.) United Egg Producers, an egg cooperative comprised of major producers, has a corner on the egg market and worked to run up the price of eggs to record levels last year. The egg men keep in touch via weekly conference calls, and if there is a surplus of eggs in one part of the country which threatens the price, they will divert eggs from the market, a practice which has the effect of either maintaining the price or running it up.

Mayday

Mind Screw: Justice Department officials recently asked Philip Morris to help design and make a marijuana cigarette for test purposes. . . . Philip Morris researchers caused a near scene when they turned up at a special secret meeting of the Federation of American Societies for Experimental Biology in Washington. Called at the request of the Army, the meeting brought together military officers, scientists and the cigarette men to consider drug abuse, the Army's number one headache in Vietnam. Among the experts taking part was the chief scientist at Edgewood Arsenal. He had carried forward research into marijuana derivatives with an eye to manufacturing a chemical agent which could be used in chemical and biological warfare, and now is expected to aid in the service's drug abuse programs.

Shrinks are increasingly enthusiastic about "speed" (See RAMPARTS, February 1971). Riker Co. paid the University of New Mexico $14,000 to test its new stimulant, Deaner, on 75 schoolchildren in the Albuquerque public schools. Teachers pick youngsters with "learning problems," then urge their parents to enroll them in the experiment. Dr. Sonja Harold-Lessne wants to test stimulants on migrant farm children for the Florida state health department. She proposes to define a "behavior disorder" as "any dis-

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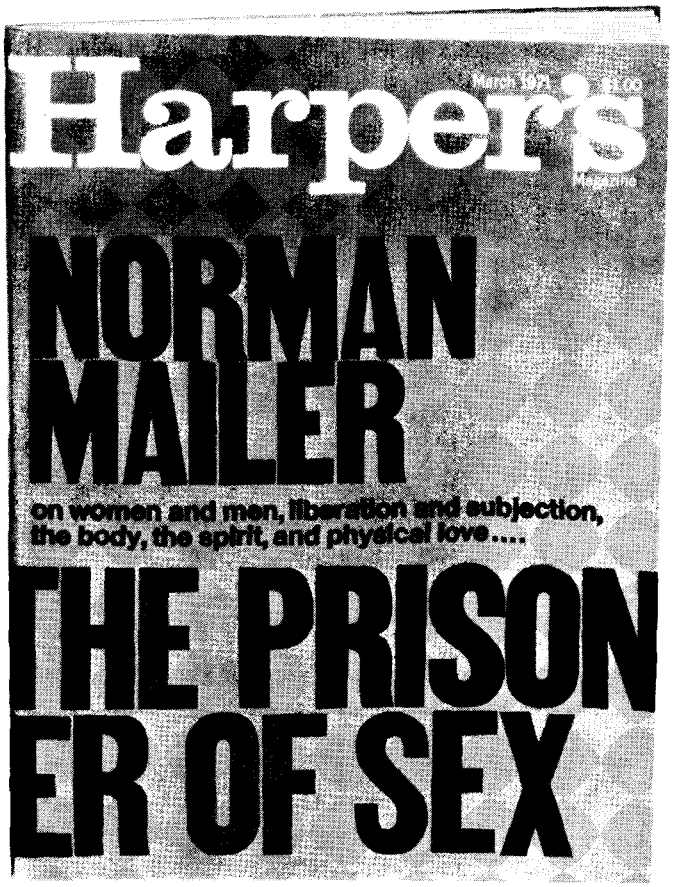
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THE PRISONER OF SEX

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order of behavior that the teacher or parent deems dangerous to the child's own well-being as well as that of his classmates; disruptive to normal routine; lethargic or dull to the extent that the child seems unable to participate in classroom activities." Dr. Harold-Lessne proposed giving medication to children in steadily increasing doses until "therapeutic effect, maximum dosage or adverse reactions are seen." She added, "A child will be withdrawn from the study only if serious adverse effects are noted."

Meanwhile, a study in *Hospital Physician* warns the medical profession to look out for all the doctor addicts. According to the magazine, hospital doctors become addicts because they get bored with their work. In medical schools, up to 90 per cent of the students are "fooling around with amphetamines."

Drug companies, which make a lot of money from selling mind drugs and which are a major force behind the big push in speed, help finance mental health groups. The National Association of State Mental Health Program Directors, which lobbies for mental health legislation, as well as against alcoholism and for drug abuse laws, is bankrolled in part by Smith, Kline & French and by Sandoz, Roche and Pfizer.

Buckley & Co.: New York's new senator James Buckley is the most recent addition to the oil and gas club in Congress. Under the umbrella of Catawba Corp., the Buckley family owns oil and mineral exploration companies which have interests in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Libya, Indonesia, Venezuela and the Philippines. At home the Buckleys speculate in minerals in Alaska, Nevada and Colorado and prospect for uranium in Canada. The Buckleys diversified their holdings several years ago and also control a cattle-feeding operation in Colorado.

Cronkite Exposed: Among the things Walter Cronkite would like to forget were the days during the early 1960s when he narrated Defense Department films while he was also a leading CBS newscaster. For this reason, Cronkite's staff recently was hard at work within the CBS bureaucracy attempting to kill an exposé of Pentagon flackery which, among other things, exposed Cronkite.

Skunk Chase: When the Navy decides that resistance has gotten out of hand, they will go to great expense and effort to produce a dramatic case and to make an example of their power to repress and punish acts of freedom. One destroyer escort, three Coast Guard cutters, aircraft, the Maine and Connecticut state police, FBI and ONI agents were used to trace and capture David Rampton, ETN(SS)2, Mark Vincent, ETN(SS)3, and Tom Tashey, MM2, crewmen from fleet ballistic missile submarines stationed in Groton, Massachusetts. A total of $250,000 was spent to capture them, according to the Navy prosecutor.

On the morning of August 3, 1970, the USS Koelsch (DE1049) was departing from Rockland, Maine, to return to Newport. She received a radio message to pick up FBI and ONI agents, Maine state police and Coast Guard personnel to join in the hunt for the 1953 motor-sailor "Skunk." The rumor spread among the crew that the ship was searching for three "deserters" from nuclear submarines.

After a five-hour hunt through the heavy fog banks, the "Skunk" was found and boarded. A boarding party armed with submachine guns, carbines, rifles and .45 automatics boarded the "Skunk" and arrested and searched David, Mark and Tom. The boarding party returned to the Koelsch with the three "deserters."

When the Koelsch returned to Newport the three were removed to the brig at Groton Sub Base near New London, Connecticut. For their eight-day unauthorized absence, the three have been charged with desertion, and now have been held for over two months pending courts-martial.

Anyone in the military knows that military justice is a slow and sometime thing. The prosecution of this case has been even slower and more peculiar than most: the three have been confined for longer than 60 days, under special order of Admiral Perry; they have been in the brig for this period of time, rather than on restriction; they have been charged with desertion rather than UA [unauthorized absence], although desertion is usually hard to prove even after an absence of 30 days.

[*From* All Hands Abandon Ship, *a GI paper.*]

Beaten Warriors: As expected, defense spending is rising because the so-called "peace dividend"—the money supposedly saved by "winding down" the Vietnam war—is being rechanneled into expensive new defense programs—in particular, building ships for the Navy.

Nixon's budget does not yet reflect other substantial costs of the war, which will begin once the fighting stops. These include the expense of maintaining Vietnam veterans as a partially subsidized sub-stratum of American society. Billions of dollars will be paid out over the next 75 years to support these men, many of whom are physical and mental wrecks. The veterans represent a sizable lobby which few congressmen would dare offend. James Clayton, a University of Utah professor, described these costs to the joint Congress economic committee:

"Using the pattern of veterans' benefits paid out for the Civil War, World War I, World War II and the Korean War as a guide, we may expect the Vietnam conflict to eventually cost us about 200 per cent of the original, all other things being equal. This figure is conservative, however, because a much higher percentage of Vietnam veterans are using their educational benefits now than in previous wars, and life expectancy is increasing. Benefits also tend to be more inclusive with time, and rise with the cost of living. The per cent cost of these benefits is about $130 per year per family, and this figure does not include mortgage guarantees or substantial state aid to veterans. Regarding interest costs, and using the Civil War and World War I as guidelines, we may fairly expect interest rates of the Vietnam war to cost at least 20 per cent of the original cost of the Vietnam conflict, even assuming a major de-escalation at the end of this year [1969] and a total withdrawal next year [1970] will be about $350 billion."

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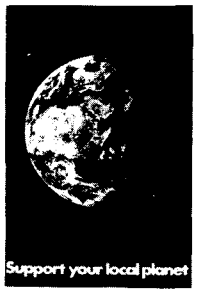

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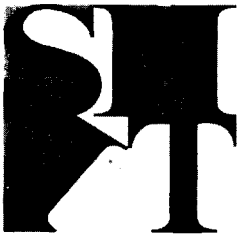

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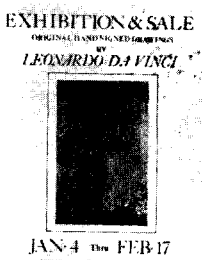

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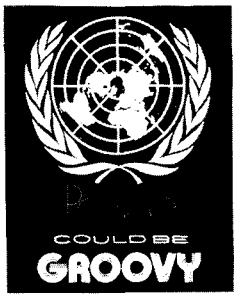

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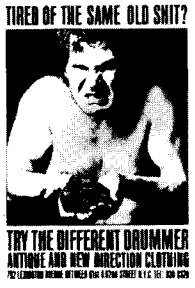

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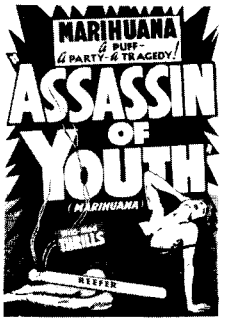

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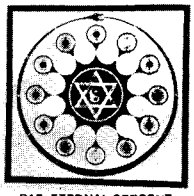
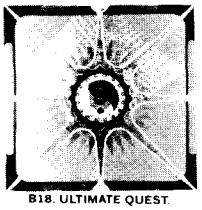


B17. ETERNAL SERPENT.



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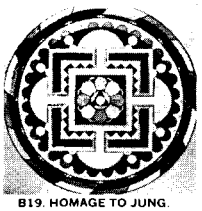

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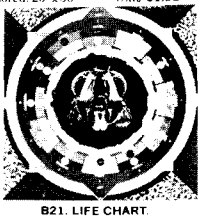

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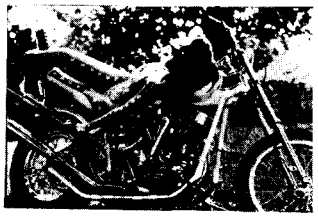

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A35. HASHISH. Photo in Mind Boggling Color. 17"x 22" *Only* **$1.00**

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A34. LOTTERY. Black and White Photo. 24"x 36" *Only* **$1.00**

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THE FURRY OBJECT in midair is a live jackrabbit about to be struck by a boy in a batting "game" which followed a rabbit drive sponsored this winter by the Future Farmers of America in eastern Idaho's Jefferson County. . . . Pete Henault described the event for the Boise, Idaho, *Intermountain Observer:*

"About 300 persons were there. It was a family outing for many. Fathers showed their sons how to swing the clubs, mothers and young daughters mostly stood by the sidelines and watched. . . . The drivers, or "brush beaters," loaded into several pickups and headed for strategic locations on the perimeter of the drive area. Some, interested only in the slaughter, headed straight for the trap at the end of the V-shaped fenced area where the drive would terminate. Soon the entire area was surrounded with a brush beater every 75 to 100 feet, and, when the word was given, all started toward the point of the V, up to two miles away.

"As the circle got smaller, with horse riders and snowmobiles moving back and forth along the perimeter and everyone shouting and yelling and hitting the brush with his club, the timid rabbits within the closed area were gradually forced toward the trap.

"We didn't see many at first and it was hard to believe that up to 10,000 were caught in the human net. Gradually, as the yelling and the roar of the snowmobiles got louder, we could begin to see them darting among the sagebrush looking for a place to hide. They seemed to know exactly what was about to happen. We watched them hop up to the snow fence, which led to the chicken-wire pen, and then, in apparent recognition of their plight, dart like rockets for the perimeter of the circle and attempt to break through the solid line of people. None ran in the direction of the trap.

"By the time the drivers had approached within 300 yards of the pen, the entire closed area had become a sea of waving ears and brown fur. Then the barbaric ritual unfolded. Waves of panic-stricken rabbits, with no place to go, turned and tried to break through the human fence. Clubs struck down at the sea of fur, again and again, hitting anywhere. . . .

"Above the din of human voices, the yelling and laughing, and above the clatter of machines and panting of horses, we could hear the screams and cries of the injured and dying rabbits. It is like the sound of a human infant. Interspersed throughout, the thud and crunch of clubs could be heard."

The purpose of the rabbit drive supposedly is to help the farmers, whose haystacks are eaten by rabbits in winter. But Henault, who looked into the subject, concluded the drives didn't make a dent in the rabbit population. Coyotes would keep the rabbit population down better, but the state killed off all the coyotes. Rabbit drives are for fun and profit: the dead rabbits are sold to mink growers as food.

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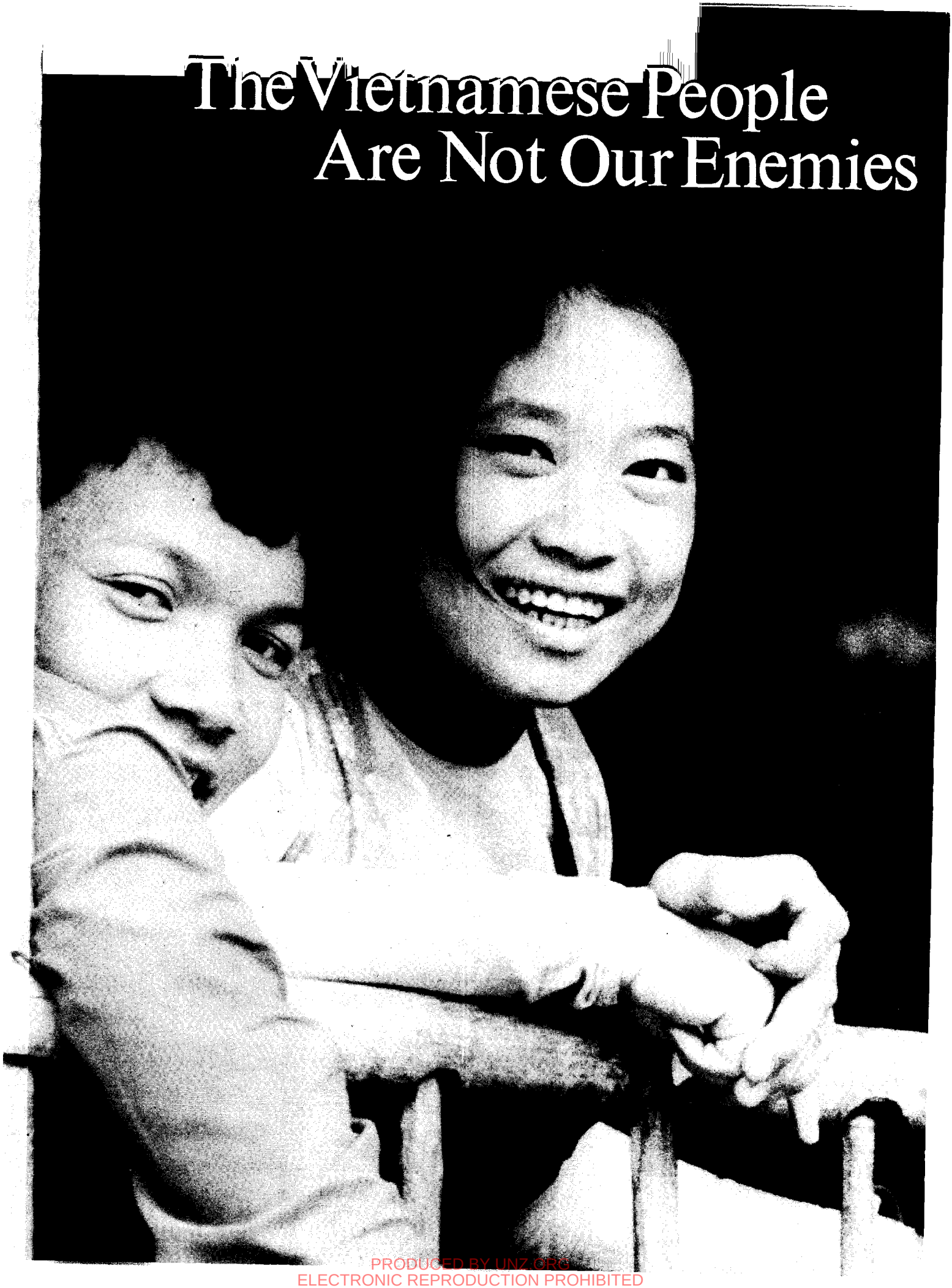
The Vietnamese People Are Not Our Enemies



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Joint Treaty of Peace Between the U.S. and Vietnamese People

Be it known that the American and Vietnamese people are not enemies. The war is carried out in the names of the people of the United States and South Vietnam but without our consent. It destroys the land and people of Vietnam. It drains America of its resources, its youth and its honor.

We hereby agree to end the war on the following terms so that both peoples can live under the joy of independence and can devote themselves to building a society based on human equality and respect for the earth.

1. The Americans agree to immediate and total withdrawal from Vietnam and publicly to set the date by which all American forces will be removed.

The Vietnamese pledge that as soon as the U.S. government publicly sets a date for total withdrawal:

2. They will enter discussions to secure the release of all American prisoners, including pilots captured while bombing North Vietnam.

3. There will be an immediate cease-fire between U.S. forces and those led by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.

4. They will enter discussions of the procedures to guarantee the safety of all withdrawing troops.

5. The Americans pledge to end the imposition of Thieu-Ky-Khiem on the people of South Vietnam in order to insure their right to self-determination and so that all political prisoners can be released.

6. The Vietnamese pledge to form a provisional coalition government to organize democratic elections. All parties agree to respect the results of elections in which all South Vietnamese can participate freely without the presence of any foreign troops.

7. The South Vietnamese pledge to enter discussion of procedures to guarantee the safety and political freedom of those South Vietnamese who have collaborated with the U.S. or with the U.S.-supported regime.

8. The Americans and Vietnamese agree to respect the independence, peace and neutrality of Laos and Cambodia in accord with the 1954 and 1962 Geneva conventions and not to interfere in the internal affairs of these two countries.

9. Upon these points of agreement, we pledge to end the war and resolve all other questions in the spirit of self-determination and mutual respect for the independence and political freedom of the people of Vietnam and the United States.

By ratifying the agreement, we pledge to take whatever actions are appropriate to implement the terms of this joint Treaty and to insure its acceptance by the government of the United States.

Signature_____

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A Declaration of Independence from the Vietnam War

IT IS JUST FOUR YEARS since Martin Luther King, Jr., issued his famous Declaration of Independence from the War in Vietnam (see RAMPARTS, May 1967). Now that peace is fashionable, it is perhaps difficult to recall the immense pressures brought to bear to make him remain "a civil rights leader," to keep him from getting involved with an anti-war movement not yet respectable. Now that the rationales supporting this war have been unmasked as bankrupt and morally imbecilic, it is perhaps hard to understand that King was censured for saying, "It should be incandescently clear that no one who has any concern for the integrity and life of America today can ignore the present war."

But even King was a latecomer to the revulsion. And if anyone thought that the repercussions of what was going on in Vietnam would not come home in waves of gathering strength, the year following his Declaration put an end to such illusions. The Tet offensive by the NLF, the student rebellions which swept American campuses that spring and culminated in the Battle of Chicago at the Democratic Convention—all made the words of the black preacher, and of those who had preceded and followed him, starkly prophetic. Soon not only liberal Democrats—aided by their electoral defeat—but also the Republican Administration-elect began to get the message: the Vietnam war, which superior technology and geographical immunity seemed to insure would devastate only the victims, was now a grotesque liability to the executioners as well. As a result, de-escalation, "Vietnamization" and withdrawal were quickly held out to a people dizzy and brutalized by events.

In the past two years, those who predicted (and by this time it took little prescience to do so) that the rhetoric of withdrawal would be no less deadly than the rhetoric of escalation in the past; that it would involve at best a pseudo-event and a staged optical illusion—these people have been vindicated. In the Nixon era, escalation has been the order of the day—although less arrogantly implemented than before; the total fire-power used to "cleanse" the Indochina peninsula has steadily increased, and the war has spread like a khaki malignancy to two neutral countries, Laos and Cambodia. Now a point in the conflict has been reached where the non-nuclear options available to Washington—short of the actual withdrawal that has never been a serious option—are perilously limited. And meanwhile on the home front the chaos grows—rising inflation and unemployment, open assaults on civil rights and other gains of the previous decades, and a growing wave of political violence and repression from above making it clear, as King and others had prophesied, that the destinies of Vietnam and America are inextricably linked.

It is in this context that an initiative has been taken by American students to sign a peace treaty with the Vietnamese and mount a domestic campaign to compel an end to the war. The Joint Treaty of Peace Between the U.S. and Vietnamese Peoples was signed in Hanoi by North and South Vietnamese students and an American delegation led by David Ifshin, president of the National Student Association. Already the treaty has been ratified by the 131 organizations and collectives of the National Coalition Against War, Racism and Repression and by 2000 delegates of the Student and Youth Conference on a People's Peace which met in Ann Arbor, Michigan, on February 5-7, and which also endorsed a major anti-war action in Washington for May 1. The treaty is here reprinted to gain wider circulation.

The movement for a separate peace comes at a time when, according to a recent Harris poll, 73 per cent of the people in this country favor withdrawal of American troops; when the consequences of the widening war have never been more damaging. Never before has the time been riper nor the necessity so clear for a mass declaration of independence from the war in Indochina and from the whole system of corporate and military empire which stares like a death's head in the face of our future.

This treaty will not allow us to shut out the images of genocide that will stain American history forever; but it will tell the Vietnamese that it is not the American people who consider them enemies, and it could be the beginning of a mass movement that will finally get the U.S. out of Southeast Asia.

Sign the treaty and return it to People's Peace Treaty, P.O. Box 203, Old Chelsea Station, New York, New York 10011.

—THE EDITORS

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Giving Peace a Chance

"IN TWO DAYS YOU'LL BE LEAVING for North Vietnam," the telephone voice from Washington told me, and immediately I was filled with a mixture of excitement and concern. I hadn't expected to leave for another three weeks, and just then I was involved in organizing the most critical moments of the campaign to defend the Seattle 8. Even so, I had no hesitation in answering that I would be ready—for I was to be one of the 15 Americans who would negotiate a peace treaty with the Vietnamese.

I met the other delegates on a misty December afternoon in New York where we boarded a Russian Aeroflot jet, which now provides direct flights to Hanoi. The flight in the small turbo-prop took 24 hours, with stops in Moscow, Tashkent, Karachi, Calcutta and Vientiane, Laos, before setting down in North Vietnam.

Driving into Hanoi from the airport, we could see the bomb damage from American aircraft: gaping holes and jagged walks would suddenly appear along a row of houses. On one trip into the provinces during our two-week stay we saw the churches, schools and hospitals that U.S. bombers had homed in on as "military" targets. Yet despite the intensity of the bombing in what were obviously civilian centers, the Vietnamese told us proudly of their increased productivity, higher crop yields and expanded schools. Symbolic of their determination to turn adversity into hope, they had transformed empty bomb craters into fish-breeding ponds.

The Vietnamese and Laotians also presented our delegation with rings and bracelets made of the wreckage of downed U.S. bombers, a further instance of their effort to bring forth beauty from the womb of destruction and devastation.

Besides the undaunted spirit and resourcefulness of the Vietnamese, I was struck most by their humanity—I can think of no other word for it. We met one afternoon with Prime Minister Pham Van Dong. He spoke to us about the suffering of his people and also about the hardships of Americans who have lost husbands and sons in the war and are suffering economic difficulties. He admonished us to "remember that we are all human beings—remember that always."

Two days after we visited Pham Van Dong, we met with the War Crimes Commission. We were shown the highly developed fragmentation bombs used by the American Air Force to penetrate air-raid shelters and then explode. Some have pellets shaped like barbed spears; others are so minute that they penetrate far into the victim and cannot be removed. We saw a young girl who had been hit inside a shelter. Her body was riddled with pellets that could not be removed and caused such intense pain that even a draft of air caused her agony. We saw a man whose face had been totally burned away by napalm, and a young boy whose body wore the scars of napalm and who also had an ugly wound about his throat where a GI had tried to decapitate him. But the most heart-wrenching victims were the deformed children born to mothers who had lived in the chemically contaminated areas of the South. Generations of Vietnamese will be the innocent victims of the "biocidal" war being waged against their parents.

As I sat through these sessions, I became numb from the horror of the crimes, and fought against the realization that this had really happened, that it was happening now.

Then, on the second day of the sessions, I received a telegram from the defendants in the Seattle Conspiracy case telling me that their trial had been stopped and they were being thrown in jail. My mind drifted back to the scene at home, to the political repression, to the daily oppression of blacks, Indians and chicanos, and Pham Van Dong's words suddenly took on new meaning: "Remember, we are all human beings."

WHEN IT CAME TIME for us to meet with the Vietnamese students to discuss common terms for peace, a special delegation from the liberated zones in the South arrived. Already we had had several enthusiastic responses in the North, but we did not expect the even greater outpouring of natural warmth towards us from the South Vietnamese students.

The leader of the delegation was Nguyen Thi Chau, a woman who had been tortured in prison in the South for four years. The fact that the leader was a woman indicates the high status women have in Vietnam. (Before their socialist revolution, the Vietnamese women had formed several feminist groups, many of which saw the male domination of feudalist society as their key enemy. Often these latter groups were used by the French to subvert the anti-imperialist women's organizations which have now united women into a National Women's Union.) Women hold im-

by Theirrie Cook

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portant positions in production, administration and in the home. One illustration of the government's effort to change the culture's traditional treatment of women was a billboard we saw at the entrance to a large textile mill in Hanoi. On it were birth control information and statements extolling the virtues of having female children. Before the revolution, female children had been regarded as handicaps, and they were often sold into concubinage.

In addition to the delegation from the liberated zone, we met with the North Vietnamese Students Union. Doug Hostetter, who had been able to sneak into the South, arrived with a declaration of peace from the National Student Union of South Vietnam. Doug had talked with the leader of the Saigon Student Union, who had been released from Thieu's prisons in August after being near death from torture. Doug also brought reports of a new political force of students', Buddhists' and women's groups being formed in the South calling for the withdrawal of all U.S. forces and an end to the Thieu-Ky regime.

Our sense of urgency was increased by the recent bombing of the North. While we were there, the North Vietnamese government issued a call to prepare for an invasion, after U.S. Defense Secretary Laird made his statement about retaliation for firing on "reconnaissance" planes. Overnight the bomb shelters had been cleaned out, trucks with supplies went rumbling through the streets, and people rode by on bicycles, guns on their backs.

In this tense atmosphere, we met with the students and came to an agreement on common terms of peace. We were not at war with each other. The Vietnamese make a clear distinction between the people of the United States and its government. We were the people. We were "progressive" Americans whom children ran up to see and smile at in the streets of Hanoi. We were their friends. In this spirit, many of us in tears, we all signed the People's Peace Treaty.

THE TREATY IS NOT a gimmick. Signing the treaty itself is an act of non-violent civil disobedience, since the Logan Act prohibits citizens to negotiate with a foreign country. In fact, after we returned, J. Edgar Hoover announced he had uncovered a "plot" to negotiate a peace treaty with the Vietnamese. The National Coalition, which has now changed its name to the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice, is not only beginning a campaign for ratification but is also calling for non-violent civil disobedience nationally.

After the People's Coalition conference in Chicago, I went to the Winter Soldier Investigation in Detroit where veterans from Vietnam testified about the war crimes they and others had committed as part of the U.S. policy in Vietnam. Afterwards, the vets went across the border into Canada where they met with Vietnamese peasants who were victims of the crimes. The vets brought along a copy of the treaty as a symbol of the peace that existed between them. What followed is what the treaty is all about—some American people and some Vietnamese people declared peace. One vet remarked after signing the treaty that more progress had been made towards peace in those moments than in four years at the Paris peace talks.

One of the original plans for the Peace Treaty was to be its presentation at a National Youth Conference. A conference was held February 5, 6 and 7 in Ann Arbor, specifically to endorse the document and to plan a spring anti-war program. The treaty was overwhelmingly embraced by the 2000 people there. Students and young people poured onto the campus of the University of Michigan, not only to adopt the treaty but also to call for national non-violent civil disobedience across the country. Actions are to be focused in Washington, D.C., beginning May 1 and sustained as long as possible to raise the domestic cost of the war.

For months people have been declaring that "the Movement is dead." Anyone who was at the conference in Ann Arbor would know that the Movement is not dead. Opposition to the war is rising in this country; what has to be found is a way to express it. Many of the people at the conference came specifically to find out what could be done, what programs they could develop on their campuses and in their communities. Programs organized around implementing the treaty range from tax resistance, boycotts and strikes to non-violent civil disobedience: the object is to take the community, the school or the job out of the war. The potential is great for the treaty program not only to unify broad sectors of the Movement, but also to unify all Americans who favor immediate and total withdrawal of U.S. forces from Vietnam.

FROM THE PEOPLE who attended the Coalition Conference in Chicago to the youth who attended the Ann Arbor Conference to the vets who signed the treaty amidst tears and joy with the Vietnamese—the people of America have begun to make the peace. We are saying that if the government will not stop the war, we will stop the government—beginning May 1 in Washington, D.C., and across the country—by engaging in non-violent civil disobedience. By taking a risk ourselves and not just by marching.

When I was in Vietnam, the Vietnamese repeatedly emphasized how important our response to the Cambodian invasion was. With the political situation developing into a possible crisis for the Thieu government, and the recent desperate invasion of Laos, it becomes more imperative that we act now, in this country, to create a situation that will force Nixon's hand, and hasten U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam.

Since I have returned from Vietnam, I have a stronger sense of urgency and of outrage. I will never forget the man without a face nor the love and strength the Vietnamese people showed me. I understand why the Vietnamese are winning, but I have also seen the magnitude of their suffering. Every moment the war continues we all die inside, little by little. The Vietnamese say they turn their anger into useful work to fight for their country and rebuild it. Now is the time for us to act, not mourn or suffocate in guilt. "We are all human beings." We, the people, must make the peace.

Theirrie Cook is a member of the Seattle Liberation Front as well as a delegate to the People's Peace Treaty in Vietnam.

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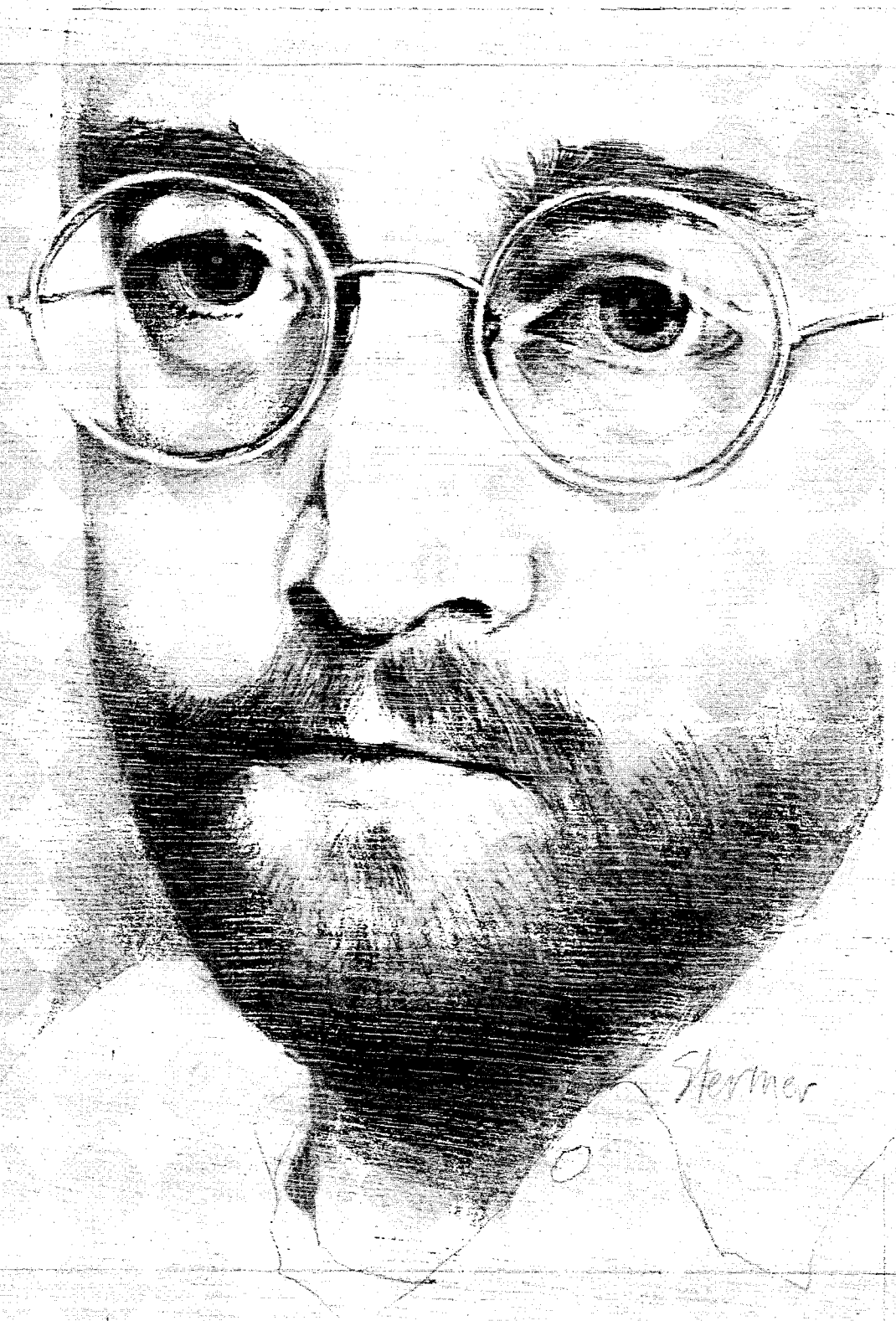

A Working Class Hero is something to be

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I Wanna Hold Your Head: John Lennon After the Fall

What Lennon found out is the necessity for demystification, the possibility for breaking through myths, the inevitability of honesty. But he ends just at the point where we all have to begin: "And so, dear friends, you just have to carry on." What that means must have to do with finding a way to shatter all the gods without us and within, to transfer power from our heroes to our imagination, to free ourselves from the isolation of private existence in a mass audience.

THE MYTH OF THE BEATLES was a seed-dream of the '60s. From it grew the rock religion to which massed millions now adhere. In most respects it is a complete cult, with a pantheon of gods, demi-gods, angels, priests and sacrificial virgins installed to cater to the range of human passions and needs. It is also big business, of course, as every true religion must become. In time, the roster of divinities grew long, but the Beatles retained the central throne. They claimed that they had superceded the old superstar, Jesus Christ, and for their adherents they were right. Then, as gods will, they fell to jealous fighting among themselves and went their ways, their divinity still more or less intact.

In the last few months, John Lennon has taken it upon himself to do what few gods can ever do: divest himself of his divinity. "I don't believe in Beatles" is not only a facile line (in the song, "God," on his new record album); it's as if Christ on the cross could say, "I don't believe in Me." Jehovah would have had a hard time telling the Hebrews in the Wilderness:

And so dear friends
You just have to carry on
The dream is over.

No more immodest metaphors or extravagant claims need be made for Lennon, his record or his lengthy interviews in *Rolling Stone.* When gods fall, the earth shakes. Lennon's attempt to demystify himself, the Beatles and rock cultism has a force and urgency which breaks through the layers of dream-webs which have solidified around the new culture, freak consciousness and political revolution.

(Continued on Page 55)

Illustrations by Dugald Stermer

by Andrew Kopkind

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Chilean Revolution: The Bullet or the Ballot

For the past several decades, Chile has been the only country in Latin America (Cuba excepted) in which the organized working class has been both politically and socially significant and also led by Marxian socialists.

WHEN ASKED BY A REPORTER what he thought the recent election of Marxist Salvador Allende meant, a Chilean peasant replied: "Now it's our turn."

That puts the issue nicely. Does the fact that Chile now has a freely elected President who won "without soft-pedalling the Marxist revolutionary program he hopes to carry out" (New York Times) really mean that at last it's the "turn" of the peasants and workers? The answer is not so simple as one might first expect.

Allende ran as the coalition candidate of the mass-based Communist and left-Socialist parties, the old Radical Party (whose only ideology is opportunism) and the independent Catholic revolutionaries (MAPU). He pledged to put Chile "on the road to socialism" by taking over the major domestic and U.S. corporations, the banks and insurance companies and large agrarian estates, and by instituting democratic planning in the interests of the nation as a whole. Thus, the question: Can the Chileans put through a socialist revolution via the historically unprecedented route of constitutional amendment, presidential leadership and parliamentary legislation, while the parties, the mass media and the unified organizations of the propertied classes still vie freely in the political arena, and the old Army (46,000 strong) and crack police force, the *carabineros* (24,000), remain intact and untouched?

On the face of it the question seems extraordinarily silly, if not absurd, especially in a period in which the U.S. government has repeatedly intervened in the internal affairs of other countries to resist movements for national independence and social reform. Whether radical or reform governments were elected democratically or not has never mattered in the past, either to the local ruling class or the U.S. government. Time after time—in the Dominican Republic, in Brazil, in British Guyana and elsewhere—Washington and its ruling-class allies have opposed, undermined and subverted popularly based constitutional governments. In 1954 the CIA overthrew the constitutional reform government of Jacobo Arbenz in Guatemala and sponsored a dictatorship that returned expropriated properties to the United Fruit Company, repealed social reforms, gave oil concessions to American companies, smashed trade unions and killed hundreds—perhaps thousands—of workers and peasants.

In 1967 the reform government of the freely elected Greek Premier Andreas Papandreou, an anti-communist and Social Democrat, was overthrown by a combination of Greek and foreign investors in league with the Army. They destroyed parliamentary democracy as soon as it looked like

by Maurice Zeitlin

Photographs by Alejandro Stuart

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". . . and the North rose to the voice of the master [Allende]."

their "structure of privileges" might, in Papandreou's words, be "dismantled or undermined in any fashion or to any degree." They replaced it with a dictatorship that (again in Papandreou's words) amounts to "a covert occupation of Greece by the Pentagon."

[THE STAKES IN CHILE]

IN CHILE THE STAKES ARE extraordinary: there are the immense interests of the Chilean dominant class, and of major U.S. and other foreign (mainly British) corporations with investments there. U.S. *direct* investment alone is conservatively estimated at close to a billion dollars. Over a hundred corporations or agencies of U.S. private interests operate in Chile. There are major U.S. investments in electric power and the telephone company, but well over half of the known U.S. investment is concentrated in nitrate, iron and copper mining. Many so-called "Chilean" corporations are structurally integrated with U.S. corporations in "invisible" ways. The Chilean Cotton Manufacturing Company, for example, Chile's 14th largest firm, is ostensibly under the control of the Chilean Yarur family. In fact, 45 per cent of its stock is U.S.-owned. More to the point, this "Yarur" corporation in turn owns 49 per cent of Caupolicán Textiles (Chile's 24th largest firm), which, on the surface, appears to be without substantial foreign ownership. The well-known "Chilean" commercial firm, Hucke Brothers (Chile's 44th largest corporation), still has Hucke family members on the board and in the management. In fact, it is *owned* by W. R. Grace and Company through Grace's other Chilean subsidiaries. And these are not isolated instances.

Aside from its implications for direct business investments in Chile, the establishment of another socialist government in the Americas is of prime political significance. Neighboring Peruvian and Bolivian "nationalist" military regimes which have put through some radical reforms and imposed new limits on foreign capital are certainly not immune to the influence of a more radical model on their borders. Nor can the military regime and ruling classes of Argentina, with which Chile shares a 2700-mile border, ignore what happens there.

The question then is, given these obvious implications of an Allende victory at the polls, how was it permitted to occur? The ballots were counted, Allende came out with the largest plurality (39,000 votes), and the Congress, assembled as an electoral college with overwhelming support from the Christian Democrats in the House and Senate, elected Allende President. Not only was he elected: he took office and has proceeded these past few months step by step with measures promised in the socialist program he ran on.

[SAVE THE COUNTRY]

ALLENDE WAS NOT inaugurated without opposition, of course. In the weeks following his election, there was heightened parliamentary maneuvering, and the ruling class media called on the Senate and House (since no candidate had won a majority) to exercise their constitutional right to select, not Allende, but the candidate with the second number of votes—Jorge Allesandri, a former President and the representative of the propertied classes. Women draped in black mourning shawls stood outside the walls of the Moneda, the presidential office building, calling on President Frei to "save the country while there is still time." There were two unsuccessful assassination attempts against Allende; then, less than two weeks before Allende's inauguration, General René Schneider, Commander-in-Chief of the Armed Forces, who had announced that the Army would remain loyal to the Constitution, was killed by armed assassins as he was leaving his home. The intention apparently had been to kidnap the general, as part of a coordinated *putsch,* and to issue communiques in the general's name (and those of other actual top military conspirators) calling on the armed forces to "save the country from communism." The plan went awry because the general resisted, drew his revolver, fired once, and was killed.

More importantly, the left was not idly waiting on the good graces of the Army and the center and right parliamentarians to install Allende in office. In constant public meet-

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"The people continue to be exploited."

ings throughout the country, the 8000 Allende committees of Unidad Popular kept the people alert and prepared against a possible attempt to rob the left of its electoral victory. Tightly organized and well-trained "shock forces" of the left were assembled in strategic areas of Santiago and other major cities, ready to take whatever action might be necessary to "guarantee the popular victory" at the polls. And in mass rallies of tens of thousands of supporters, Allende warned that any attempt to cripple the economy or prevent him from taking office would be met by a general strike. "The country," he said, "will stop as a first step. Workers will occupy their factories, peasants will occupy the land, and civil servants their offices."

In the months preceding the election, workers, peasants and urban poor had taken increasingly militant grass-roots action. Revolutionary socialists both in and out of the electoral coalition had led land seizures and occupation of vacant urban sites. Allende, in fact, seemed a rather moderate alternative to the armed peasants and urban poor who patrolled to protect the sites they had occupied, many of them accompanied by armed members of the dissident Movement of the Revolutionary Left, which advocated armed revolution. Financing of food and clothing for those active in the seizures as well as for the purchase of arms reportedly came from bank robberies carried out by *Miristas*. The left also had a highly efficient intelligence organization of its own which paralleled the government's operations and assured Allende that he would not have to rely on the good faith of the outgoing government alone.

[PEOPLE'S INTELLIGENCE]

THOUGH ITS INFORMATION about plots against the government and Allende was ignored before the murder of General Schneider, it was as the result of cooperation between the left's intelligence agencies that the majority of the participants in the plot and actual assassination of General Schneider were rounded up within days of his murder. (The list of the plotters and assassins reads, as a Chilean friend wrote me, like entries in a Chilean "Who's Who.") When Schneider was murdered, President Frei immediately appointed José Toha, Allende's security chief (now Minister of the Interior), as Acting Undersecretary of the Interior and deputy director of the federal police investigating the assassination.

This event, while it need not be exaggerated, is sufficiently important to be emphasized. Where else could one expect to find the government intelligence service and the Army acting with such dispatch to find right-wing assassins who were trying to prevent the accession to office of a Marxist President—and to do so in cooperation with the left's intelligence organization?

Undoubtedly, there is a certain amount of fluff and mystification about the "incorruptibility" of the *carabineros,* Chile's national police, and the political "neutrality" of the (largely U.S.-trained) armed forces. As a latent threat and ever-present potentially repressive force monopolizing the means of violence, they have helped to maintain the existing order. Under Christian Democratic President Eduardo Frei's "revolution in liberty," the use of the armed forces against striking workers accused of "sedition" and "rebellion against constituted authority" was no less frequent, and the consequences more dire, than under recent conservative regimes. And plastic-masked, specially trained mobile riot-police units were used regularly, as a Los Angeles Times reporter put it, "to smash street demonstrations by strikers and anti-government groups" as well as to dislodge squatters from the land.

Nor has the Army stayed out of overt intervention in the "political process" entirely. Last year, there was an attempted coup (later passed off as a "strike for higher pay") led by dissident Army officers, and one leader of that abortive revolt has since been implicated in the plot which ended in Schneider's assassination. Mass mobilization by the left and a general strike, plus a split in the Army, stopped the *putsch* in its tracks. (The left's organizational skills and its sense of humor and showmanship came out well in the general strike: hundreds of communist-led garbage men converged on the Moneda and surrounded it with their heavily laden garbage trucks to ward off any possible move against the President!)

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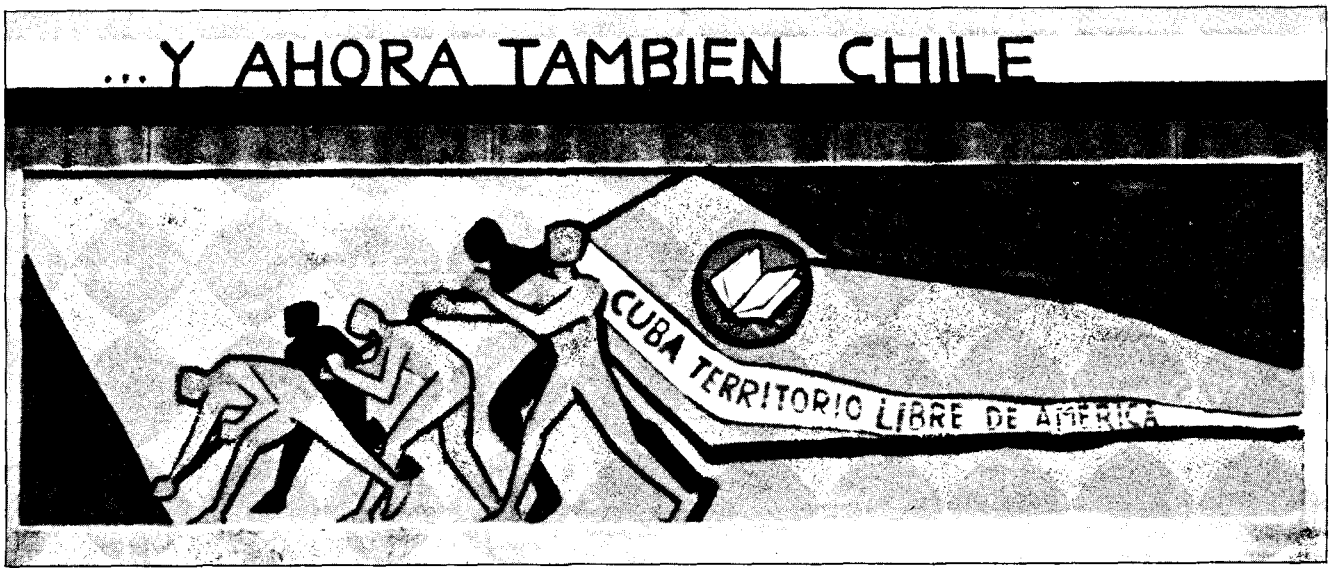

"Cuba: Free Territory of America—and now Chile."

[POLITICAL ORDER: CHILE VS. CUBA]

IN GENERAL, HOWEVER, CHILE has been a genuine "bourgeois" democracy in which the role of the police and armed forces and the use of force and violence in maintaining the system have been on a par with that in such advanced capitalist countries as Britain and the United States. The contrast with Cuba is instructive: There, the ruling strata were directly dependent on American imperialism—politically, militarily, economically—and lacked social legitimacy. The basis of their rule was nakedly revealed as their control of the means of violence. They stayed in power because they had a military regime (and behind it the power of the United States government) to protect them, not because anyone believed that they *deserved* power or that they had the *right* to rule. They were illegitimate in the eyes of virtually the entire population.

In Chile, however, the ruling strata have enjoyed considerable legitimacy. A coalition of propertied strata—large landlords and capitalists—has been able to rule for over a century with neither foreign control nor the intervention of the military as an *autonomous* social force. Their resilience is illustrated by the hand-in-glove relationship between Chilean political stability and parliamentary democracy. Contrast Cuba, where long before the revolution the forms of political democracy associated with capitalism had exhausted themselves. Cubans considered the brief interregnum of political democracy a sham, little more relevant to their needs or the interests of the nation than military rule had been. Parties and politicians associated with Cuba's Congress were all but universally held in contempt. While there is a healthy cynicism about "politics and politicians" in Chile, parliamentary democracy has not lost legitimacy. Communists and socialists have run their press, held their rallies and participated freely in elections for the past three decades. Indeed, they played a very significant role in the so-called Popular Front government of the '30s. When the Communist Party was outlawed in 1941, it simply continued activities under another name (the Proletarian Party) without interference. In fact, under the presidency of Gabriel González Videla, in 1946, three communists served for five months as ministers in the Cabinet. With the advent of the Cold War, the Communist Party again was outlawed in 1948 (by the "Law for the Defense of Democracy"), but the Party continued to have members in parliament.

This is not to minimize the repression to which leftists have been subjected in Chile, or to nourish illusions about the uniqueness of its dominant class. Rather, it highlights the contradictory nature and genuine reality of Chile's "bourgeois" democracy. As Volodia Teitelboim, a leading member of the Chilean Communist Party's Central Committee, commented recently: "The Cuban and Chilean experiences are very different. They had a military dictatorship for years. We have had a century and a half of almost uninterrupted parliamentary government." He might have added there also has been almost a century of uninterrupted class struggle.

[THE RISE OF THE LEFT]

SINCE THE MIDDLE OF THE LAST century, Chile has been the scene of frequent large-scale strikes and popular demonstrations rivalling those in advanced capitalist countries. For the past several decades, Chile has been the only country in Latin America (Cuba excepted) in which the organized working class has been both politically and socially significant, and also led by Marxian socialists. It is also the only western capitalist country (since the demise of the Nenni Socialists in Italy) where there has been a durable, well-organized Marxian Socialist Party to the left of the communists, and with its own mass base in the working-class and trade-union movement.

The socialist movement in Chile began to become a serious contender for power in the '50s, as its popular base among the workers widened. Between 1952 and 1956, the organized working-class movement became increasingly unified: on the trade-union level, a central labor organization (CUT) was formed, and in the political arena a broad electoral bloc emerged, uniting the socialists and commu-

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"Seventy-five per cent of the national income . . . and the gringos take away the other half."

nists and several splinter parties in a coalition called the Popular Action Front (FRAP). From FRAP's formation in 1956, the electoral strength of the socialist movement has risen rapidly. In the presidential election in 1958, Allende got 29 per cent; in 1964, 39 per cent, of the vote.

The rise of the Christian Democratic Party paralleled the rise of the Marxian parties. In the space of a few decades it transformed itself from just one more splinter party of the right with corporatist ideas into a governing reform party emphasizing the need for economic development. While its dominant wing, led by Frei, emphasized reforms within the framework of capitalism, its more radical and militant activists talked about building a "communitarian society" through "anti-imperialism" and a "non-capitalist path of development." Radomiro Tomic, the Christian Democrat candidate in the 1970 presidential election, reflected that tendency far more than he did the centrist one. Tomic ran, as the New York Times put it, almost as if he were an opposition candidate and "tried at times to outflank Dr. Allende on the left . . . ." But to blame Tomic personally, as the Times did, for being the "architect of disaster" in the elections, and for the victory of the Unidad Popular, is to miss the essence of recent Chilean history.

The expectation of a revolution has been in the wind for a decade or more in Chile. When Allende lost (by a narrow margin) in 1958, hundreds of thousands of workers surged into the streets spontaneously, believing they had been robbed in the ballot count; many on the left were prepared to strike for power, while others were demanding that Allende, not Alessandri, be selected President by Congress (a constitutionally permissible and historically supportable course). The outgoing President, Carlos Ibáñez, called the head of CUT, a Christian Socialist, to offer the left the reins of government and throw his authority in their favor if asked. Heated secret debates ended with the decision of the communists and socialists to call for observance of the legal results of the election and to cool off revolutionary fervor.

Six years later, in 1964, Frei was elected on a program explicitly designed as an alternative to the socialist movement. He spoke in a populist, nationalist, even revolutionary, idiom and called for a "revolution in liberty." The Christian Democratic program emphasized the need to "recover" Chile's resources, especially copper, from foreign control. With its rhetoric of "mass participation" in reconstructing Chilean society, and its emphasis on the "dignity" of the poor and the need for vast reforms, Christian Democracy is an additional sharp index of the erosion of ruling-class ideological hegemony which has been taking place in Chile at an accelerating pace in the past 20 years. Few leading Chilean intellectuals now defend "capitalism" as a humane or just system, and the overwhelming majority of workers are class-conscious, militant supporters of the Marxian left.

[THRUST OF THE PEASANTRY]

In the past ten years the peasantry has emerged as a potentially powerful left political force. Under the Christian Democratic government, agitation about agrarian reform was at a perpetual peak. And the number of *peasants involved* in strikes (protected somewhat by the umbrella of the Christian Democrats, who have since split to ally with the Communist Party and the Socialist Party) *trebled* in the first year (1964–65) after Frei took office, while the Frei Administration went ahead, though slowly and reluctantly, with expropriation (with compensation) of several large estates. Frei had promised new land for 100,000 families, but settled only 30,000 during his term in office (while spending $100 million to compensate former landowners).

However, by making the talk of agrarian reform respectable, Christian Democrats gave the left a major opportunity to speak to hundreds of thousands of peasants in remote and isolated haciendas and small-holders communities which had been practically impenetrable to socialists and communists before. They gained strength among all types of peasants in the past years, both among agricultural wage laborers and small proprietors (but particularly among the former).

The political radicalization of the peasantry has continued against a backdrop of small but cumulative changes in the countryside—including electrification, improved transpor-

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"And there will be work for all."

tation, mechanized production—which have undermined the hold of the old system of social control by the large landowners. These changes, coupled with growing political agitation, created a situation in which the organized socialist movement was not only broadening its already major base among workers in the mines, mills and factories, but gaining tens of thousands of new adherents among the peasants as well. With the growth in the cities of a new movement among the previously unorganized slum dwellers—the so-called movement of the "Homeless"—this means that scarcely any exploited stratum remains in Chile which has not been penetrated by the left and by socialist ideas.

Initiatives by younger socialists, many of them in the Movement of the Revolutionary Left and others in the Christian left Movement of United Popular Action (MAPU), have kept these old Socialist and Communist parties alert and actively organizing, unable to rest with their present base even if they wished to do so. In the months preceding the elections, urban land seizures and peasant occupations seemed to be occurring in a rapid crescendo, and a New York Times reporter quoted "a conservative Chilean civil servant" whose fears and estimate of the situation undoubtedly reflected those of the privileged in general: "It makes little difference," he said, "whether or not Allende wins this election. Without quick and drastic action, the Marxists will win their real battle anyway."

[WHAT'S GOOD FOR BUSINESS]

WHAT, THEN, IS TO HAPPEN to the capitalist economy in the meantime? The Allende government has left no doubt of its intentions to nationalize major companies, banks and insurance companies, and major foreign investments. Does it then expect businessmen to continue to function as if business conditions were normal—as if the ownership and control of their enterprises and profits were not endangered? Will businessmen continue to reinvest at their normal rate in the expansion of their enterprises and the production of goods and services, without the security of a "proper investment climate," without being able to make reasonable calculations concerning the profitability of these investments, without knowing if they will, indeed, find themselves without a business tomorrow? The answer seems quite clear in principle, and much of the empirical experience of the government so far seems to confirm it: the economy cannot function as long as big businessmen believe their country is headed by genuine socialists whose policies threaten the very existence of the capitalist system.

Allende's election, as the New York Times put it, "changed the business climate overnight. . . . The initial response of the business community was near panic, followed by a massive flight of liquid capital. Stock market prices dropped dramatically, as did asking prices for property and businesses. Many with money to save left the country after bidding up the dollar from the official rate of 14 escudos to more than four times that figure. Although many subsequently returned here after securing funds abroad, the business mood at year end was extremely cautious, to say the least."

Some of the largest enterprises have begun to lay off workers, and the already staggering rate of unemployment inherited by the socialist regime (upwards of a fifth of the work force in metropolitan Santiago) has risen further, as the interrelated activities of suppliers, producers and consumers of goods have extended the slowdown throughout the economy. Private construction, for example, both of office buildings and of housing, reportedly has come almost to a standstill. Aside from the immediate unemployment of the workers in the construction industry, this has meant that metal, lumber, cement, glass and other industries which depend on the construction industry as a principal market also are likely to be affected drastically, as are their workers, in chain reaction. A brass company, for instance, had its sales drop 70 per cent in the two months after Allende's election. So the manager shut down the plant "to avoid insolvency." "What was I supposed to do?" he asked. "I wasn't about to let useless workers get paid from company reserves." The Allende government took over the management of the firm in late November under a 1945 labor

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law giving the government authority to "intervene" when necessary to protect the interests of the employees of a company. It has since "intervened" in several other large firms, including a major bank and Chile's largest textile plant. And it has taken measures to prevent further mass lay-offs.

Just such policies, however, are destined to further erode "business confidence" and create a "climate of uncertainty" among the major investors whose decisions have national economic consequences. The Allende government could find itself held responsible for an economic crisis without being in a position to act decisively, as long as it adheres to the commitment to act solely within the existing legal framework. It could find itself managing a deteriorating economy which it is not in a position to control, because the government must await parliamentary pleasure for legislation allowing the expropriation of the enterprises, and the creation of a planning organism capable of genuine coordination of production in the national interest. On the other hand, "whatever efforts it may make to recover lost confidence . . . will not succeed," as a leading business journal in Chile (*Portada*, October 1970) itself points out, "because to do so would automatically indicate that [the government] had decided to abandon its program."

The ability of the large enterprises especially to frustrate government "intervenors" and to create economic havoc, whether intentionally or not, is further accentuated because these firms are, on the one hand, in control of the bulk of the production and sales in their respective industries—many of them being effective monopolies—and, on the other, because interlocking directorates and common large shareowners, as well as reciprocal holdings of the firms in each other, bind them together into a centralized political economic structure. Nor should U.S. penetration of these firms be forgotten here. Government "intervention" in the management of such individual firms cannot provide a mechanism capable of coping with such an integrated system of monopoly capital; only expropriation can make it possible for genuine control of the economy.

[CHILEAN NEW DEAL?]

WE MAY ASSUME THAT THE socialists in the Chilean government are well aware of the nature of the alternatives they face, but neither their words nor their deeds so far give a clear picture of how they expect to resolve this dilemma. Nor, of course, do they hold all the options. On the one hand, the government has clearly stated its intention to nationalize, *within the coming year,* the domestic and foreign banks, the large mining companies owned by Kennecott and Anaconda, and "some large monopolies in production and distribution"; and it continues to reiterate on all occasions its fundamental aim to begin to create a "socialist and pluralist society."

On the other hand, the government claims that it foresees a considerable period during which the economy will continue to have a major sector of private ownership of production, although the state will be "the prevailing" sector. Moreover, they have to put into effect a short-run program within the present capitalist framework to stimulate employment and production. Thus far, the government has decreed a price freeze for all industrial and consumer goods; bank inspectors are exercising control over private bank credit; there have been substantial wage increases for public and private employees, and efforts are under way to begin an emergency construction program financed by additional taxes on corporations. Meanwhile, powerful capitalist representatives have had frequent meetings with Allende at which they have reportedly pledged their cooperation if "Allende would outline an economic program they could live with." Sergio Jarpa, president of the conservative National Party, has announced, "We're not prejudiced about what the new government is going to do. If it's good for the country we will go along even though it has a socialist label." And one of Chile's big businessmen is quoted as making the extraordinary statement that "We lost the election and we are going to have socialism in Chile. Dr. Allende asked for our cooperation. . . ."

While the government's immediate plans unquestionably would take certain basic sectors under state ownership and control, they would nevertheless not necessarily put Chile "on the road to socialism" nor fundamentally alter her economic structure. Since the Popular Front government of the '30s established the Government Development Corporation (CORFO) in 1939, the state has played a major role in investment, especially in machinery and equipment. CORFO has controlled, on the average over the years, about a fifth of gross domestic investment. State-owned and mixed enterprises (with both the government and large private investors owning the bulk of the stock) have been established in areas deemed necessary for Chilean development which private capital would not enter because of the uncertainty of profitable returns. Once successful, however, the mixed enterprises have been gradually turned over to private owners. Even those which still operate as mixed enterprises (such as the Pacific Steel Company) usually have exclusive management contracts with large foreign corporations, and the policies of these enterprises have tended to be guided by profit considerations for the largest Chilean corporations and the needs of the private sector as a whole.

In other words, the socialist government could actually put through major reforms which the capitalists themselves would never have sponsored but which might release forces for the expansion, rather than the contraction, of capitalism in Chile—much as the New Deal policies of the '30s in the U.S. and the post–World War II nationalizations in Britain under the Labor government were arrested by big business, though these very policies helped to maintain capitalism in these countries.

The Chilean situation is different in that the Chilean socialist movement is well to the left of the British and more committed to a real socialist program. However, because they have chosen the path of parliamentary socialism, they will have to compromise and negotiate critical measures along the way, and this will hinder their ability to respond to situations decisively and radically.

[MODERATE COMMUNISTS]

IF THE GOVERNMENT succeeds in its short-run efforts to stimulate the economy and regain "business confidence," the immediate crisis—and therefore confrontation with the large capitalists and their allies—

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"And being born will not bring anguish."

would be avoided. In the process, the aroused energies of the masses and organized cadres and their readiness for action could be dissipated as the country settles once again into "normalcy." So far the government's responses to spontaneous occupations of large estates by agricultural laborers and to workers' strikes and urban land seizures have been contradictory, and this may in part reflect actual policy differences within the coalition government and between ministers. In general, however, the left seems to be urging the cadre to take it easy, cooling out independent worker and peasant initiatives and attempting to stabilize the economy while it consolidates its position. Yet it's worth recalling that this is precisely what the Cuban revolutionary government did under Castro's leadership in the early months, and such surface appearances tell us little, if anything, about the plans of the Chilean socialist leadership.

Of course, whatever its plans, it does not hold all the cards, and the situation could change rapidly and profoundly if the ruling class and its foreign allies should themselves choose to have a showdown—or unintentionally provoke one. Then, as Allende has made clear, the socialist leaders would be compelled to take action they may not have desired or even anticipated: "A government must weigh what obstacles it will encounter," Allende has said. "Perhaps if obstacles are artificially created, if there is a conspiracy by ultrareactionary sectors, if the current attempt to provoke economic chaos is accentuated, we'll be forced to take our steps more quickly and decisively—that is, the process could be radicalized, not because we want it to be, but because we have no other choice."

Withal, bargaining and compromise—if not stalemate—are firmly rooted Chilean national traditions, while the socialist government also has internal problems because it rests on a diverse coalition. Of special significance is the fact that the Socialist Party is itself highly pluralistic, containing a diversity of ideological currents (though it is heavily weighted on the side of the Marxian and pro-Fidelista left).

A critical factor in the left coalition is the tightly organized and disciplined Chilean Communist Party. If its past is any indication, the CP is likely to attempt at every turn to moderate government policies, and will be the cornerstone of compromise and hesitation rather than revolutionary audacity and initiative. It has long been one of the most Stalinist parties in the world, conforming almost reflexively to every shift in Soviet policies and programs. In the past decade, the Soviets—and therefore the Chilean communists—have put their emphasis on "peaceful coexistence" and on the establishment of cordial trade and diplomatic relations with countries in Latin America.

Even the Cuban experience did not shake the Party out of its previous parliamentary rhythms, and Fidel and Chilean Party leaders have had several public polemical debates about the revolutionary path to power in Latin America. Apparently this is known even in Washington: Evans and Novak, "sadly confident" that the end is near for freedom in Chile, report ". . . the hope by top U.S. policymakers that the well-organized Communist Party, which is to the right of Allende's Socialist Party in the ruling coalition, may itself be a moderating influence. Perhaps, prodded by Moscow, the Communists might block flagrantly revolutionary moves in either foreign or domestic policy."

[THE ACID TEST]

More important, perhaps, in understanding the potential of the socialist leadership is the fact that it has been shaped largely by its experience in the trade-union movement—which necessarily has involved battles for immediate reforms—and, to a profound and immeasurable extent, its participation in Parliament. "Most of us in the Communist Party," as Central Committee member Teitelboim put it recently, "have worked in the parliamentary system for 30 years." The same is true of the socialists. Therein, of course, lies a special sort of dialectic: for while it raises the prospect (which, if successful, will have tremendous significance for the development of the international socialist movement) of a socialist government ruling through a genuine parliamentary democracy, it also means that the *revolutionary* capacity of

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"And the new man is born."

the Chilean socialist movement has yet to be tested. This is not to detract from the political and organizational abilities of the communists and socialists—and it would be arrogant and incorrect to do so, considering their already *unprecedented* feat of creating a popular base so broad as to bring them into government by the electoral path.

What it does mean, though, is that because they have not been tempered by years of dangerous clandestine political activity, nor by guerrilla warfare, they may underestimate the struggle ahead. Never having experienced colonial rule and oppression, never having needed to organize under conditions of dictatorship nor to resist an occupying foreign power, the Chilean leaders may unconsciously delude themselves about what it will take to "defeat definitively the dominant class in Chile," as the communist Minister of Finance (a former worker and trade-union organizer) stated the government's goal recently. Carried away by their own rhetoric, to quote Allende's inauguration speech, that "Chileans can be proud of having always managed to give preference to the peaceful political course rather than to violence," they may prepare themselves poorly to do battle if and when that dominant class (together with its domestic and foreign allies) forsakes "the peaceful political course" in order to save the old order. Again, it would be silly to say that the Chileans are not aware of this possibility on an intellectual level. The question is what meaning their intellectual understanding has for their practical political and organizational work now.

They seem to have fallen rather quickly back into the pattern of activity shaped by their parliamentary experience, and are now deeply involved in preparing for the coming municipal elections in April—which they speak of as their "next major battleground." Luís Corvalán, secretary general of the Communist Party, and himself a senator, declares: "We must transform these elections into a great national political battle against the enemies of change, in favor of the program of the Unidad Popular and in support of the government presided over by comrade Salvador Allende."

In this connection, the recent self-criticism of former Greek Premier Andreas Papandreou, overthrown by the colonels' *putsch*, is especially relevant—all the more so since he and his government embarked not on the "construction of socialism" in Greece but on the salvation of capitalism through reform:

"Our willingness to negotiate, to temporize, to postpone action was mistaken by the forces of the Establishment as weakness, as avoidance of the confrontation and its consequences. And by the time the confrontation had come, we had lost the momentum that the great electoral victory had bestowed upon us . . . The junta struck and the country was set back at least fifty years . . . .

"Had we given serious attention to the establishment of a clandestine, resistance-oriented organization, had we formed nuclei throughout the country, had we given clear instructions for action in response to a coup, had we distributed radio transmitters and mimeograph machines, and had we rented apartments under cover to protect the leadership of the organization, then possibly we could have frustrated the coup within the first few hours. And while it is true that I organized the Democratic Leagues and gave them this type of assignment, it must be admitted candidly that neither I nor my immediate circle chose to concentrate our energies in this direction. This was due in part to the peculiar fact that no one had emotionally accepted the possibility of a coup, although all signs of an impending coup were there. The forthcoming elections absorbed the thoughts and activities of all party members, and captured the attention of the population." (*from* Democracy at Gunpoint)

Maurice Zeitlin lived in Chile from mid-1965 through 1966 and has written extensively on Chilean politics. Parts of this article will appear in his book (with Lynda Ewen and Richard Ratcliff) on the propertied classes in Chile, Landlords and Capitalists. *Zeitlin's* RAMPARTS *(March 1970) report on Cuba has since appeared in the Harper Torchbook edition of his* Revolutionary Politics and the Cuban Working Class.

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Salmon Fishing in America:

The Indians vs. the State of Washington

"The state has only one aim, I don't care what kind of public statements it makes, and that's to destroy our fishing equipment, chase us off the rivers, and save the fish for the white men."

THIS FALL, AS THE SALMON began their spawning run from the sea back to the waters of their birth, a band of Indians waited for them in an illegal camp along western Washington's Puyallup River. Calling themselves the Medicine Creek Nation in memory of the 1854 treaty that gave the rich Puget Sound area to the U.S. government, they began to fish in places where their ancestors had stood hundreds of years ago. They used nylon nets instead of hand-woven weirs and traps, and skiffs with outboard motors instead of canoes; but otherwise the scene recalled a time when big cities had not yet cut jagged swaths out of the forests of the Pacific Northwest, and Boeing test planes had not devastated the silence; when the system of rivers fed by glacial snows hooding Mount Rainier and running like veins down into the Sound were not only clear and unpoiluted, but supported runs of salmon ganged so thick that, as one visitor said, it seemed almost possible to cross the river on their backs.

But this year, the salmon were sparse; and when the Indians set up their camp, they stood in the shadow of Tacoma's grey industrial sprawl and a maze of freeways flinging cars off to the suburbs as if by centrifugal force. But the setting didn't matter. The Medicine Creek Nation wasn't there as a publicity stunt or out of nostalgia for the past. They were concerned with today, with the fact that the State of Washington denies the fishing rights which are the key to their survival. These Indians were deadly serious; and the guards posted at the entrances to their camp carried loaded hunting rifles.

This was not their first angry demonstration on these waters. The "trouble," as it is called, had made frequent headlines through the mid-'60s as reports of the wild, free-swinging melees on the rivers between Indian fishermen and state game wardens filtered out of the Puget Sound area and brought celebrities like Marlon Brando and Dick Gregory north for the "fish-ins." But a decade of pitched battles, court tests and civil disobedience had passed, and Indians were still being arrested for fishing. Resentment in this camp was greater than ever, the Indians' patience stretched taut. Washington officials sensed this change in mood, one fish and game officer later commenting: "We took one look at this bunch and decided we had gone from the era of the fish-in to the shoot-out."

THE MEDICINE CREEK NATION stood for several weeks in an atmosphere of growing tension, repelling occasional attacks by local sportsmen-vigilantes. Then, early on the morning of September 9, the state finally moved in. Sidney Mills, a 23-year-old Yakima Indian, tells what happened: "We looked up and saw we were surrounded. They were all over—wardens, Tacoma tac squad, state troopers, and people just in plain street-clothes. There looked to be a couple hundred of them, and they all had either riot guns or some other kinds of automatic weapons, and helmets and flak jackets. We had maybe six or seven hunting guns in camp, some of them real

(Text continued on Page 39)

by Peter Collier

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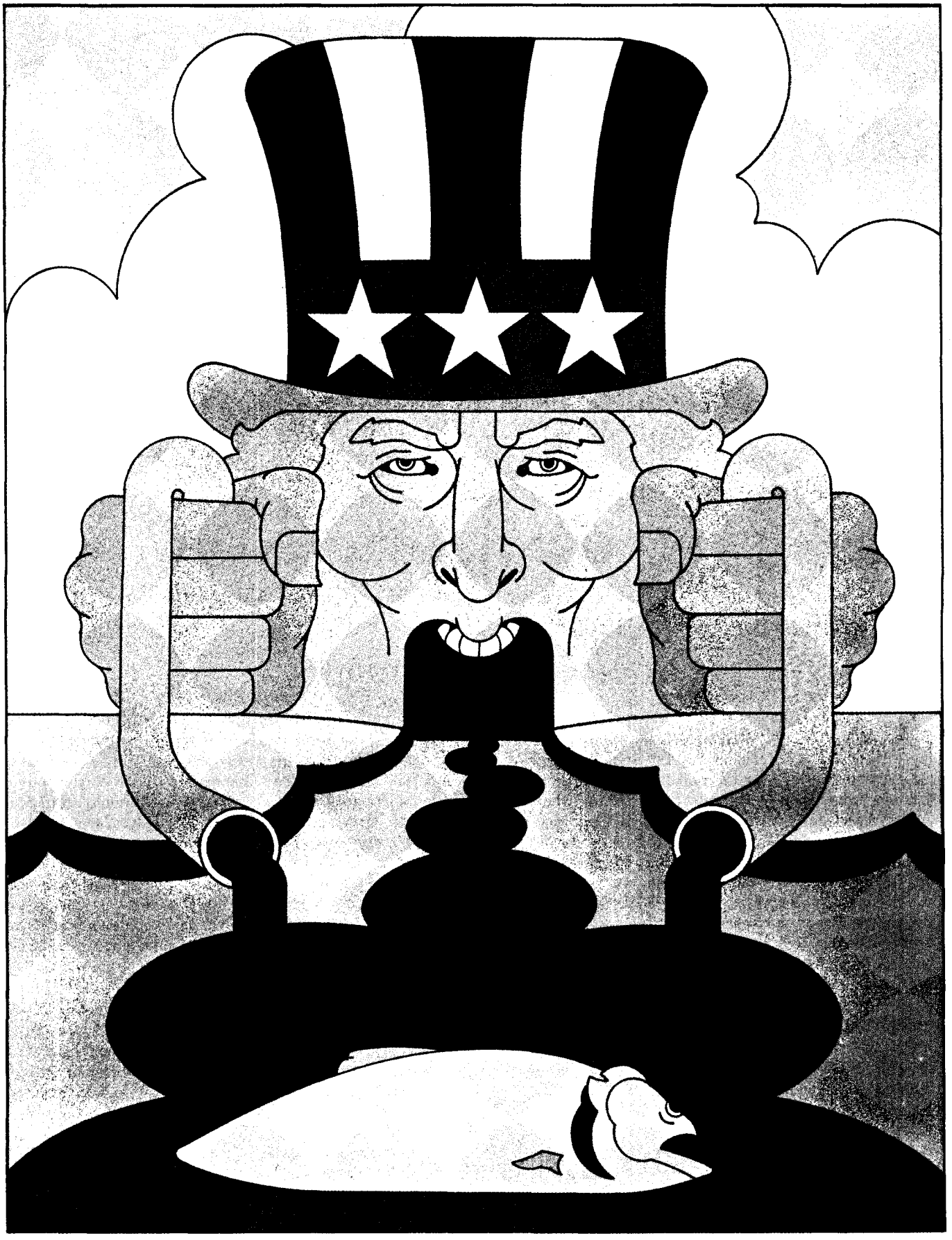

Illustration by Peter Marks

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(Continued from Page 29)

old, and a couple of knives. It was like being surrounded by an army. You could tell by the look on some of those faces that they wanted to kill them an Indian awful bad."

The two groups stared at each other, a white bystander recalling it later on as "one of those times when everybody is scared and waiting for the other guy to make the first move." Then some state troopers carrying high-powered rifles with scopes scrambled to vantage points on a nearby bridge; and a Fisheries Department boat was in the river, gliding out to cut the Indians' nets. "We yelled out at them to stay away," Mills says, "but they just kept on coming. We'd told them a lot of times that they didn't have no jurisdiction over us and that those nets meant life and death to us and we'd shoot anybody who messed with them. But it didn't seem to matter. After we'd hollered out at them, a couple of our people fired some warning shots, about four of them, that kicked up water around their boat. Then the next thing I knew, all hell was breaking loose. There was tear gas exploding all over our camp and sounds like shotguns blasting away. Somebody threw some kind of firebomb at a railroad trestle alongside us and pretty soon there was black smoke all over. The troopers charged our camp from all sides, and our women and kids and everybody were getting beat up and running and yelling. It lasted a long time. Whenever things started to quiet down a little and the gas started to drift off, some trooper would see something move in the bushes and he'd holler out, 'Hey, there's Indians in there.' Then they'd shoot off more tear gas and it would start up all over again. When it was finally over, the only thing I couldn't believe was that nobody got killed."

The Medicine Creek Nation—54 Indian men, women and children from various Washington tribes—was rounded up, arrested and jailed. By afternoon, the camp on the Puyallup River was deserted except for a few stray dogs and tiny cyclones of paper blown around by the wind. The city of Tacoma proclaimed the place a public nuisance, and even before news of the mass arrests had made its way into the local papers, bulldozers were sent in to raze it to the ground.

As the dust was clearing, the state claimed victory over the Indians in the name of "conservation." But environmentalists expressed doubts, Indian spokesmen claimed they were being used as scapegoats for the fact that the salmon was on its way to becoming an endangered species, and a U.S. District Attorney readied a suit to clarify the fishing rights controversy "once and for all." That it was a crucial moment in the history of the conflict couldn't be concealed by the heavy equipment scraping away even the shrubs and groundcover on the Puyallup as if it had been the Woodstock Nation that had stood there. And when the State of Washington's only reaction was to buttress its hard line on Indian fishing, it seemed to be inviting bloodshed in the future.

[II]

LIKE OTHER EPISODES IN contemporary Indian Affairs, this confrontation involved forces set in motion by history now coming home with all the inexorability of original sin. The battle lines were drawn long ago, before Washington was yet a state, in the 1850s, when homesteaders began rolling into all parts of the Pacific Northwest to claim up to 320 acres each. But the Indians had not officially ceded the land being settled—*their* land—and in 1853, the Territorial Governor, Isaac Stevens, was told to treat quickly with the natives, especially the galaxy of small tribes in the Puget Sound area. He engaged in a blitzkrieg of negotiations, and in less than a year had obtained title to what is now most of Oregon, Idaho and Washington in exchange for a series of treaties and some modestly sized reservations.

Stevens took to the back alleys common in most of the white man's treaty-making: designating certain Indians as "chiefs," for instance, and investing them with on-the-spot authority to give up their people's lands. He also developed shortcuts of his own, such as carrying on his lengthy discussions in Chinook, a pidgin English with a working vocabulary of less than 200 words. The upshot was that by the time negotiations were over, many Washington tribes had no reservations and others were not specifically acknowledged as parties to the treaties—two facts that continue to have resonance today. But if the representatives of the Great White Father were callous about most aspects of the Indian cultures, there was one thing they couldn't help but understand: that the tribes of western Washington based their entire social organization on the salmon, and the fish occupied a position of absolute centrality in their daily lives, in their culture, their religion and their art. The Puyallup Indians, for instance, not only depended on fish for up to 80 per cent of their diet, but also used it as currency in their extensive trade relations with other tribes. The salmon was the core of the community as well as being the staff of its life; and along with the other Indians of the Puget Sound, the Puyallups would roast the first of the catch at each spawning run, passing a piece of the flesh to each member of the village and then returning the skeleton to the river from which it had been taken, the head pointed upstream in tribute to the forces that renewed the fish and the people who depended on it.

IN THE TREATY OF MEDICINE CREEK in 1854 and the Treaty of Point Elliott a year later, Indian leaders got Stevens to insert an article specifying that their people retained the right "to fish in their usual and accustomed grounds and stations in common with other citizens of the Territory." To whites, this clause was a painless way of quieting the tribes' doubts about the land grab; but to the Indians, it meant that although the land was gone, the right to travel freely to their fishing grounds along the rivers according to the seasons and species of fish remained. They saw it as a solemn promise between sovereign nations and embodied in a treaty that was no less a living document than the white man's Constitution. But within 50 years, whites began to see the immense economic potential of the salmon, and the new state began to develop. Citizens began to wonder—as they had in every other state, where more than 300 Indian treaties were made and broken—if progress could be stayed by an antique agreement with savages.

In some cases, the "usual and accustomed" places men-

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tioned in the treaties happened to be within the boundaries of reservations that are still intact. The state has not pressed for jurisdiction over these federal lands, and as yet the Indians fish there without much harassment from authorities. But for many tribes—especially those in the fertile Puget Sound—the question of reservations is academic because their lands have eroded away with the passing of time. The Puyallup tribe, for example—many of whose members were involved in the establishment of the Medicine Creek Nation—has almost nothing left of the 23,000 acres it had right after the treaties. By the turn of the century, when it had become apparent that these Indians stood in the middle of an area with great commercial and industrial potential, the Puyallups—already forced to transfer their communally held land into individual allotments—were forced by a Special Act of Congress to sell what was left at public auction. This Act also relaxed the trust status protecting Indian lands from sale or taxation; and in the fury of speculation that followed, way was made for the city of Tacoma. Today, the only tribal lands left are the few homesites that have miraculously remained in families over the years, and a 30-acre graveyard. None of it is on the old fishing spots on the river.

Tribes like the Yakima Nation in the northeastern part of the state have been out of the line of development and have been able to keep their reservations from such piecemeal disintegration. But Washington Indians generally have a woefully inadequate land base, and they rely on the treaties to justify their fishing rights. The only trouble is that the State of Washington has lawyers and lawmakers working like Pharisees to prove that the treaties intended only to give them the right to fish alongside white sportsmen, with a hook and line and subject to its regulations as to time and place. This interpretation has been backed up with police power. When the courts insisted that Indians do have special rights, the state began to regulate the exercise of these rights "in the interests of conservation" rather than as a naked and arbitrary display of power. Either way, the result is the same.

RIGHT AFTER MAKING THE TREATIES, the U.S. government ignored the advice of its Indian agents on the Washington reservations and decided that farming, not fishing, was the proper way for the Indian to enter American society. The economic assistance offered was for agricultural implements, even though the lands where the Indian had been placed were only slightly better suited to farming than his culture was. In this respect, the state has only taken over from the federal government in discouraging Indian fishermen—although its means have been more drastic and its reasons more craven. Authorities say their action rests on a democratic theory of land use: that a small group cannot be allowed special rights to a public resource. But the real reason is more profound than this or even than the accumulated bad faith of white history. The fish which were so abundant as to be almost negligible a century ago have since become critical to the state. As a Department of Fisheries handbook points out: "Salmon are one of Washington's major resources, contributing more than $100 million annually to the economy of the state." Twenty-five state-operated hatcheries work feverishly to spread enough fish around to satisfy the commercial and sport-fishing lobbies. They don't want to see any of the 150 million juvenile salmon planted each year getting into Indian nets.

The combined pressure of federal neglect and state pressure has taken its toll, with many Indians just giving up over the years and abandoning fishing altogether, even though this meant alienation not only from a guaranteed level of subsistence, but also from a continuity of communal life. To a large extent, the fact that Indians have been discouraged from fishing is responsible for their status in Washington today: those not living on reservations are hidden in the small rural communities of backwoods Washington or have sunk into the slums of the growing cities. Some do seasonal work as berry pickers and mill hands and others have taken jobs in the eddies of the economic mainstream; for many the sole income now is welfare.

Photograph by Dolores Varela

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Assimilation has seemed the only possible fate. Unlike tribes of the Southwest, the Indians of Washington are not dramatically different from the whites in language and dress; they haven't much of a land base and, in cases such as the Puyallup tribe, their cultures have been pronounced officially dead by white anthropologists on ethnographic junkets. But despite all this, the community has persisted, driven underground and expressing itself only indirectly. The longing to reassert an Indian identity, in fact, has become stronger, especially as it became obvious that there was room only at the bottom in the white world.

The Indians have carried their fight from the rivers to the courtroom, but their volunteer ACLU or American Friends attorneys have had to face the state's best legal minds; and the white man's law has led them through a maze of confusion and contradiction in commenting on the treaties, on the meaning of "usual and accustomed places and station," and on the question of state jurisdiction over Indian fishing. The controversy has been viewed and reviewed over several generations and from several points of view; but little has been resolved. If this 70-year legal dialogue has had moments of judicial eloquence, they have been lost on the Indian. He knows only that he becomes a criminal when he fishes; that he goes to jail for engaging in an act that brings him money and dignity and draws together the scattered shards of his communal life; that while the white man says the rules are for the sake of conservation, every new season brings more salmon floating belly up from industrial poisons being poured into the rivers. The disparity between what he is told and what he knows is great. But the Indian has come to expect this when something of value is at stake. When an assistant Washington State Attorney General began his testimony before a 1964 Senate subcommittee studying fishing rights by saying, "I am for the salmon and therefore for justice," Indians in the room smiled. They had learned the language and knew he really meant that because he was a representative of power he had to be against them.

[III]

WALTER NEUBRECHT, CHIEF Enforcement Officer of Washington's Department of Game, is a pleasant man if you're not talking about Indians or fish. But he, too, is "for the salmon" —so passionately, in fact, that the Puget Sound Indian community has nicknamed him "Colonel Custer." Neubrecht doesn't care, though, because he's certain that most Washington Indians aren't really that interested in fishing and that the people with whom his large, well-equipped and heavily financed department spends much of its time brawling are renegades. "Nowadays," he says sagely from his headquarters in Olympia, "we get some damned mean people coming up here to cause trouble. It's not like a few years ago. Hell, back then the Indians had only one main weapon outside of Brando and people like that. It was to set nets illegally and get things all stirred up and then when our boys would have to come in, backing off and getting their women and kids down to the water. They would start to hoot and holler and throw sticks and rocks and all sorts of things and cuss hell out of us. We'd have to arrest them in front of the TV cameras. That wasn't a bad strategy, but now they've started to pick up the tempo on us. When they want to put on a show to get attention and sympathy, they get together with a bunch of outsiders—people I'd call a shade darker than pink, if you get my meaning. Our main enemy isn't the kids and squaws anymore. It's everything from your Yippies and hippies to your black militants; but mainly it's these renegade Indians you get coming up here from Alcatraz and places like that. And they are mean as hell, let me tell you. We went down there to clean out that 'camp' they had going, and I was surprised at how goddamned hard they fought."

Neubrecht interrupts his monologue from time to time to talk with men in his Department or to pick up the phone and knowledgeably answer such questions as why fewer deer hunters are killed now in Washington than two years ago. But his main interest is Indians. His Department is anxious to get its point of view on the fishing rights question across to the public, and backs up its claim that Indian fishermen devastate the salmon run with mimeographed dossiers and a professionally made 15-minute film circulating constantly among civic groups and the already hostile sportsmen. The Department is adamant that the Indian should have "no special rights," and Neubrecht himself was at the 1964 Senate hearings to urge passage of legislation introduced by the State of Washington's congressional delegation that would have made the federal government arbitrarily determine the worth of the Washington Indians' treaty rights and then buy them out in a lump sum, thus extinguishing forever their special relationship with the fish.

THE SALMON RETURNING TO SPAWN must run a gamut that begins with the commercial fishing fleet poised offshore like a floating metropolis and using spotter planes, radar, sonar and other technological wizardry to take more than 80 per cent of the fish caught each year in Washington. Next in line are the thousands of sportsmen, who take another 13 per cent of the fish. This leaves the Indians with just over 6 per cent of the salmon landed in Washington. But the Department of Game has assembled facts and figures to show that its obsession with the Indian fishery is warranted. "Hell, these Indians can take 98 per cent of a spawning run with these gillnets they use," Neubrecht says. "Ninety-eight per cent. Back a hundred years ago, they were fishing with pretty primitive equipment, and you can bet that the people who made up that treaty never had any idea that they'd be fishing with something like this." Admitting that the Indians' catch amounts to only a small percentage of the total, he says that the fish they do take are most crucial because they are "brood stock" caught closest to the spawning grounds at the point when the need for "escapement" is greatest. After hinting darkly that there are a few Indian entrepreneurs getting rich from illegal fishing, Neubrecht concludes, "Anyway, there aren't all that many who care about fishing. Our planes once did a survey by flying up and down the rivers at a peak time when we weren't enforcing. Do you know we counted less than 200

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Indians fishing? Now, we got about 20,000 of them in this state, so that means that less than one per cent get out there and fish. If it was all that important, you'd figure there'd be more of them fishing."

Each step along Neubrecht's soliloquy involves something that might charitably be called sleight of hand. The figure of 98 per cent effectiveness of gillnets in decimating a run of salmon, for example, does not have anything to do with Indian fishermen; rather, it comes from a study of *white-owned* commercial fisheries on the Columbia and Frazier rivers. Even if their cultural past did not tell the Indians that such wanton destruction of the runs was bad, they would know that it was not ultimately in their interest to make this kind of short-term killing. The notion that even though they have only a fractional part of the catch Indians must be most carefully regulated because they are nearest to the spawning grounds is like saying the commercial and sportsmen's fish were destined to be caught and the Indians' to be the breeders charged with replenishing the species. Any rich Indian fishermen are well hidden; but during the spawning seasons you see a lot of poor ones huddled around small fires at roadside stands where they sell their catch—usually for something less than 30 cents a pound. Finally, the number of Indians who do fish is less important than those who do not due to constant intimidation by Neubrecht's own Department of Game.

But it is not necessary that the state's arguments be very plausible, for they are backed up not only by police power but also by practically all available scientific expertise. Along with the more sedate Department of Fisheries (whose jurisdiction over state waters is from May to November and whose concern is mainly with commercial fisheries, not sportsmen), the Department of Game has almost all the fish biologists in the state at its disposal. Those who are not working to spread enough fish around to temporarily satisfy the commercial and game fishing lobbies are busy constructing the conservation arguments used in state courts to try to further disenfranchise the Indians. William Hanson, a Seattle ACLU attorney who works with the tribes of western Washington (and is co-author of *Uncommon Controversy*, an excellent study of the fishing rights controversy), says, "Every time we go to trial and it comes time to introduce expert testimony on this question of what is happening to the fish, we're totally at a loss because the state completely owns all the experts."

One of the few it doesn't own is Guy McMinds, a Quinault Indian with a degree in fish biology who works as a consultant with the Small Tribes Organization of Western Washington and whose view of the conservation issue is at odds with the state's. McMinds agrees that the fish are in danger, but disagrees as to the cause. "The salmon up here have a huge series of hazards they've got to pass through," he says. "First there's logging operations cutting across the streams the fish use as rearing grounds, gouging out the gravel where they spawn. Then there's dams and all kinds of blocks like that. They destroy fish migration, and solutions like having fish ladders for the salmon to climb or catching them below the dam and trucking them to the streams up above just aren't effective. There are also flood control projects and things like that which divert streams and cut them off from main channels. Finally, there's waste and pollution, which is getting horrible. You can't get statistics out of the state, naturally, but there are a hell of a lot more fish kills up here than anybody is admitting. I just recently saw one where a lot of silver salmon were killed by chromate waste the Boeing company dumped into a creek. As you get close to the mouth of the rivers, you sometimes find raw sewage going into the water. And at points where there's a city, like Tacoma, you get so much miscellaneous poison from pulp mills and other operations that it's just hard to describe. These fish are delicate. They can't take this sort of thing. And all these state agencies are so worried about who's catching the fish that they don't ask if the waters are going to be good enough to support any salmon at all in the future. Well, I've got the answer for them--it's definitely no; not unless something happens real quick to reverse what's going on now."

THAT THE DEPARTMENT OF GAME can virtually ignore such panoramic evidence of environmental deterioration in favor of a program against Indian fishermen seems like shocking behavior by a conservation agency. But one of the ironies of the situation is that this Department, under the guise of being just another part of state government, is actually little more than a well-placed spokesman for private interests. The Department of Game's budget of more than $7 million a year does not come from state appropriations, but directly from hunting and fishing licenses and tags. Aside from a relatively small annual subsidy from the federal government, it gets no other funds. It is, in other words, directly responsible to the powerful sportsmen's organizations. Guy McMinds says, "The Sportsmen's Council more or less runs the Department of Game. The governor pretty much appoints the Game Commissioners they want, and these men then go ahead and use their influence and power inside state government to get favorable legislation for the sportsmen. It's a neat little game they've got going, and it leaves Indian people out in the cold." The powerful Washington State Sportsmen's Council, parent body for dozens of active local sportsmen's clubs in towns up and down the state, also represents restaurants, motels, sporting goods stores and other enterprises benefitting from the fact that tourism is Washington's second largest industry and the fish are a major tourist attraction.

Given that it is responsible to a juggernaut that views Indian fishermen as poachers on its preserve, it is not surprising that Department of Game regulations are discriminatory, especially in the case of the steelhead (the highly-prized "sea-going trout" that returns, like the salmon, to spawn in the streams of its nativity). Sportsmen feel that this is *their* fish; and the Department of Game's rules (primarily the definition of the steelhead as a game fish only, which means it cannot be sold commercially like the salmon—which is a game fish *and* a commercial fish—and must be caught with a hook and line) have assured that Indians will offer only minimal competition.

Last year, anglers standing almost shoulder to shoulder during the steelhead runs spent better than $25 million in catching 316,000 of the fish. The Department of Game says that Indian fishermen had as good a chance as anybody else. But it doesn't say that it took an average of

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five fishing days to get one steelhead, and the final cost per fish—including motels, restaurants, travel and the like—is close to $200: about what the average Indian family in Washington has to live on for a month. Even if he managed to catch the steelhead, the Indian couldn't sell it.

These rules are more than just humiliating for the Indians. As attorney William Hanson points out, "There is no such thing as the classification 'game fish only' for people who are poor and hungry. The state has hurt the Indians badly with this sort of rule, not only because it makes them miss out almost entirely on the steelhead runs, but also because there are some good spring salmon runs during the six months that it's illegal to fish with nets. At the same time that it's doing this, though, you can bet the Department of Game is spending all kinds of time at these 'steelhead clinics' where wardens travel to sportsmen's clubs all over the state with maps, charts, calendars and all that to show how and where to get a steelhead. This sort of thing shows where its allegiances are. I can tell you this—the state is completely hostile to Indian fishing rights and completely in league with the private interests taking them away."

Walter Neubrecht insists that his Department is involved with conservation and aims only to keep fish from being faced with extinction. But his Department is actually a vassal to the forces which have their own ideas about fish management, and as such it can only seek short-term solutions that get fish to harried weekend sportsmen and dollars into the sluggish state economy. This is just a form of crisis manipulation—stealing the Indians' small part of the total fish caught in Washington and giving it to the people who pay the bills. It is playing Robin Hood in reverse.

[IV]

"THE STATE HAS ONLY ONE aim, I don't care what kind of public statements it makes," says Hank Adams, "and that's to destroy our fishing equipment, chase us off the rivers, and save the fish for the white man." A scholarly 29-year-old Assiniboine Sioux who came to Washington several years ago to live with his stepfather's family on the Quinault reservation, Adams was drawn into the fishing rights struggle and is now executive director of a militant group called the Survival of the American Indian Association, which, more than any other factor, is responsible for the protest alive in Washington today. The SAIA spearheaded the "fish-in" movement of the early '60s, and since then has continued to be the primary thorn in the state's side.

William Hanson calls the individuals making up the Survival of the American Indian Association "a sort of de facto tribe." Over the years, it has become synonymous with a six-acre plot of ground tucked back into a dead-end road in the backwoods about midway between Tacoma and Olympia and bordering on the turbid Nisqually River. There is a hand-painted No Trespassing sign, but nothing else that even hints of the many times that Frank's Landing has been the scene of wild fights between Indians and state game wardens, or of the fact that for Indian people across the country, it was the red man's Selma. The driveway is pockmarked with ruts and pot-holes, and leads to a miscellany of buildings—a pre-fab clapboard house, a few shacks, and a house trailer anchored permanently in the ground. Indians, mostly long-haired and young, work at a bench made up of two picnic tables cinched together. They are gutting salmon, cleaning them with hoses and packing them into storage bins of ice. There are huge, wide-mouthed Mason jars filled with eggs scooped out of the swollen bellies of the female fish; and the silver scales are everywhere, sticking to the workers' boots and scattered on the ground like sequins. Periodically, somebody ducks into the smokehouse and reappears, bleary-eyed, after putting more wood on the fire that seasons the filleted fish hanging from the rafters.

Fish are caught here during the runs and between raids by the state. The money they bring helps raise bail money and supports work looking forward to a time when the fishing rights struggle is won. Right after the clash on the Puyallup this fall, for instance, the SAIA tried to establish a cooperative to give the Indian fishermen who do manage to catch salmon an outlet and a better price than the 25–30 cents a pound local whites pay. It also tried to set up markets outside Washington, trucking several tons of salmon a week in ice-filled U-Haul trailers to San Francisco and Los Angeles and air-freighting more to New York.

FRANK'S LANDING IS AS MUCH a monument to the confused history of Indian Affairs as a symbol of the fishing rights struggle. It came into being by accident when over 3000 acres—roughly 70 per cent of the Nisqually Indian reservation—was condemned in 1917 because of "immediate war necessity." The displaced Indians were given $75,000 in settlement for the land, some deciding to take a per capita share of the cash, and others—like Billy Frank, Sr.—using their portion to buy land as near the reservation as possible. The new six acres, on the opposite side of the river from what was to become Fort Lewis, was put under trust status by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and Frank assumed that it had the same rights as the reservation land it replaced, including fishing rights. But the State of Washington said that Frank's Landing was under its jurisdiction.

Over the years, the people on Billy Frank's land had occasional brushes with fish and game authorities when they set their nets in the Nisqually River. Until 1963, it was not too serious. But then a favorable ruling in the state courts allowed the Department of Game to intensify the crackdown on Indian fishing that continues today. There was sporadic resistance from all over the state, which would have been gradually extinguished if it hadn't been for the people at Frank's Landing. They made the issue a public affair, fighting the wardens and forming the Survival of the American Indian Association to set up a legal defense and to be the organization arm of the movement. For a long time they were pretty much alone in their opposition, and state raids were bad enough that veterans of the SAIA regarded the near shoot-out on the Puyallup River this fall as a routine affair.

A short, stocky man of 39 with smile marks crisscrossing at the corners of his eyes, Billy Frank, Jr., recalls a day in October 1965 when the state wardens descended on Frank's Landing in a full-scale paramilitary operation,

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their movements coordinated with spotter planes and helicopters hovering above, and power launches on the river. Hunching his neck down into his shoulders against the wind slanting in ferociously off the river, and jamming his hands deeper into the pockets of his coat, Billy Frank looks out onto the Nisqually and tells how he and his friend Al Bridges almost got killed that day. They were in a boat tending the nets when the raid began, and as the wardens were sweeping across Frank's Landing, a Game Department boat came at them, ramming and swamping their skiff. Both men were wearing heavy-weather gear and were thrown overboard, their clumsy hip-waders filling with water and dragging them down. After a hectic struggle, Billy Frank was pulled up on shore by his friends. Bridges managed to hold onto the capsized skiff until rescued. "That day was the worst, I guess," he says. "But to tell the truth, there've been so many other bad times that it's hard to tell. I guess I've been arrested 12 or 13 times since I was a kid growing up here. It ties up your money to get involved in the law and nothing ever seems to get worked out, but I don't mind that so much. The worst thing is that when the troopers came through the place here, they'd either break up our gear or confiscate it. Right now they've got God knows how many of our nets in their warehouse, and boats and motors and expensive stuff like that."

Squatting at the riverbank, Frank points out where the action has been: to the place where he and his father once chased a Fisheries Department official who came by in a boat to steal their nets; where one of Al Bridges's teenage daughters broke a warden's arm with an oar during one of the fish-ins; to the other side of the river, where wardens sitting in blinds keep Frank's Landing under constant surveillance. "See down there," he says, pointing to the water's edge where one of the nylon gillnets lies curled up in the foam, "those plastic floaters on the nets cost 30 cents apiece. The state kept at us so hard, arresting us all the time and tying up all the money we could scrape up in bail and all, that it came to a point a few years back where we couldn't even buy these floaters. It looked like we were done for. I mean it looked like we were beat. But we got sticks and pieces of wood and anything else that would work and tied it all onto the nets so we could keep fishing. We didn't catch a whole lot, but we kept on going. We didn't want to let them think they had us beat. It's a good thing we never sat back, too, because if we had, then let me tell you that Indians up here wouldn't have no rights at all today."

Bridges, Frank's good friend, is a 48-year-old Nisqually who lives with his family at Frank's Landing and, with his wife Maiselle, is probably as much identified with the controversy as anybody else. Tall and sinuous, with fine features, his black shoulder-length hair secured with a red headband, Bridges cuts a flamboyant figure and is known by the state authorities as a die-hard. He has been arrested 21 times since becoming involved in the fishing rights and has a 15-year sentence on appeal; over the years, when few other sources of dignity were available, he has come to take pride in the ability to fight back, as he says, "so that it takes three or four of them to get the handcuffs on." He tells of a time when the Department of Game closed and padlocked an entrance to one of the traditional fishing spots on the Nisqually River up a couple of miles from Frank's Landing and how he got a pickup truck, put it in low gear and broke through the gate, telling the warden that he'd do it again every time the padlock went on. Bridges says that the State of Washington will have to kill him to keep him off the rivers. His involvement with these waters has taken on a ritual quality: about a year ago, one of his four daughters, known for her stiff resistance to the wardens, slipped accidentally into the Nisqually and drowned.

Bridges says fishing is the only thing he can do or wants to. Billy Frank, Jr., has worked as a power linesman for a few years, but recently quit to fish full-time; he says, "A guy can make more money working at a regular job, but fishing is a good life. And really, you don't need too much. Just enough to get along and take care of the kids and the old folks."

THE SALMON REPRESENT ONE thing to this generation; but for the young Indians who have come of age in the revolution of rising expectations, and who now go like free-lances from one spot of crisis in the world of Indian affairs to another, the fight in Washington is part of a large war.

Twenty-four-year-old David Leach, for instance, grew up on the Colville reservation in the northeastern part of Washington, was relocated to the San Francisco area with his family by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and, after serving in the Army, became involved in the University of California's ethnic studies program and was one of the original contingent occupying Alcatraz. He took part in the attempted land seizures at Pit River in Northern California, at New York's Ellis Island, and at Fort Lawton in Washington. He stopped at Frank's Landing six months ago on his way back home to Colville and has stayed on to help in the fight. "This state is one of the worst places for an Indian," he says. "Indians get treated here like blacks in the South. What's going on now on the rivers isn't that much different from things happening to Indians all over this country. The whites just don't want us to have anything at all we can call our own. Up here it's real bad, though. Washington wants the Indian to just disappear and it figures the best way to make this happen is to keep us away from the fish. But wherever you are, it's just one big fight to survive. This is a place to stop and make a stand as far as I'm concerned."

Sidney Mills is a 23-year-old Yakima Indian who was in combat for several months in Vietnam. Then he was wounded, shrapnel peppering the whole left side of his body. After seven months in an Army hospital, Mills's decision that he was fighting in the wrong war was confirmed when another Indian GI just finished with his third tour of duty in Vietnam came home to Washington, only to be arrested several times for fishing with his people. "It dawned on me that I had been out there in the jungle killing natives," Mills says. "I mean natives in the way we're natives. And when I thought it over, it seemed to me that they were a lot like us. They don't want whites conquering them; they don't want to live inside some plastic, Americanized city; they want to get people off their backs and do things the way they've always done them. Anyway, I decided that I wasn't going to fight those natives over there when the people who're killing them and their way of life have been doing the same thing to us over here for hundreds of years."

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Mills has been living at Frank's Landing and working as part of the Survival of the American Indian Association since getting his release from the Army in 1968. He was involved in setting up the fishing camp on the Puyallup this fall and feels that there will be more confrontations like that one. "Our people, they don't have too much to lose," he says. "They don't have much left. The whites have taken just about everything, and now they want the only thing that can keep us Indians—the right to fish just like our people always did. Indians look around and see whites living on land that was theirs. They see these white guys come out here on weekends and catch fish they don't even bother to eat. When you start seeing things like this, you know there aren't many alternatives. Most of us have had a turn pumping the white man's gas and working in his factories, and man, that's just no damn good. There's only the Indian way, and that depends on the fish. Once you see all this, then things get real clear and you know what's got to be done. The whites want us to just go ahead and die off. It's not going to happen, but if it had to, then I'd say we ought to die fighting."

It is not only that the people at Frank's Landing have been handled so roughly that they will never forget it, but also that the white world has made it clear that it will accept them only if they give up the one thing that is meaningful—the right to fish and be Indian. This is what makes them bitter. A local white who has worked with the Puget Sound Indians over the years and has seen the fishing rights struggle mature says, "The people there have seen the system close up, and for them you've got to say that it is totally oppressive. It is unwilling to accommodate them on their terms, on Indian terms, and they see this. Year after year of fighting has just increased their commitment to what they're doing. That's how you get a situation where people arm themselves and show they're willing to put their lives on the line."

THE EVENTS IN WASHINGTON are starkly dramatic not only because the Indians' struggle for survival parallels the jeopardy of the environment and the life it supports, but also because the Indian has been so totally alone in his fight. The Bureau of Indian Affairs has stood back and watched from afar, allowing the state to intimidate the Indian, seize jurisdiction over his life, and keep him from rights promised by treaty. But while turning the other cheek in behalf of those like the Survival of the American Indian Association who have fought state power, the BIA has also turned its back on the more moderate tribes who have repeatedly asked for help in developing their reservation fisheries.

The examples are legion. The State Department of Fisheries was notorious for avoiding waters near Indian reservations when planting fish, so the Quinault tribe set out to build a hatchery of its own. It has taken a long time to complete and is now operating at only one-fifth capacity because work has proceeded largely without BIA help and with the state's covert malice creating obstacles. (Even though tagging studies showed that 85 per cent of the 30,000 pounds of fish the Quinaults planted each year was ultimately caught by whites, Washington authorities opposed the hatchery because it broke the state's monopoly on fish management.) When the Makah tribe started a small fleet of fishing boats to get into the offshore commercial fishery, funds had to be sought from sources outside Indian Affairs. The Lummi Indians upstate have begun an innovative aquaculture program, using their tidelands for marine impoundments to farm salmon, steelhead and shellfish to feed their people and be sold; but the tribe has had to contend not only with lack of funds but with the state's threats to sabotage the program by condemning the shoreline being used.

The development of a life-giving Indian fishery has taken place, in other words, against the grain. The BIA, supposedly the vigorous champion of Indian rights, has cowered before the state, all the time bemoaning the number of Indians on welfare and the extent of their demoralization. And if the situation is doubly ironic, it is because for the last decade the federal Indian bureaucracy has been spending millions of dollars annually creating a poverty-industrial complex in charge of getting jobs to Indians, finding ways to coax minerals out of arid reservations, and otherwise trying to "build the economic base." But the one place where there was already an easily available resource that could provide these jobs, with the added dividend of being part of a way of life that gives the community coherence, has been ignored. Knowingly or unknowingly—and probably a little of both—the BIA and the Indian Affairs establishment have acquiesced in Washington's attempt to disinherit the red man.

But largely because of the example of people like those at Frank's Landing, the Indians have kept going on their own. They know that more than the right to fish is at stake, and that by not knuckling under they are challenging what the white man is pleased to call the course of history. They have already survived melancholy predictions. Back in 1855, at the signing of the Treaty of Point Elliott, the great Chief Seattle warned the assembled dignitaries: "When the last Red Man shall have perished, and the memory of my tribe shall have become a myth among the white man, these shores will swarm with the invisible dead of my tribe, and when your children's children think themselves alone in the field, the store, the shop, upon the highway, or in the silence of the pathless woods, they will not be alone. . . . The White Man will never be alone. Let him be just and deal kindly with my people, for the dead are not powerless."

As it has worked out, the State of Washington has had its hands full just dealing with the living. When it sent officers to snuff out a small Indian fishing protest, it never dreamed it would touch off a full-fledged uprising.

* * *

Editor's Note: As this issue was going to press, on January 18, SAIA leader Hank Adams was sitting alone in his car near the Puyallup River. Two unidentified whites came up; one opened the door, said, "You fucking Indians want everything," and shot him point blank in the stomach. As Adams was recovering, the first group of the 54 people arrested last fall began to go on trial, facing sentences of up to 15 years.

The Survival of the American Indian, Inc., is a non-profit corporation and donations are tax-deductible. The address is Box 719, Tacoma, Washington 98401.

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Civil War in Cairo, Ill.: A Dispatch from the Front

"Give us strength, oh Lord . . . In the name of Jesus Christ, Malcolm X and Dr. Martin Luther King. Amen."

We judged that three nights more would fetch us to Cairo, at the bottom of Illinois, where the Ohio River comes in, and that was what we was after. We would sell the raft and get on a steamboat and go way up the Ohio amongst the free states, and then be out of trouble.

—HUCKLEBERRY FINN

A GUN BARREL LOOKED OUT a window of the rusty pickup truck onto the town's deserted main street. Saturdays in Cairo, Illinois, are usually tense because black picketers march past the stores in a weekly reminder of a boycott against downtown merchants that has lasted nearly two years. In those two years, the country's most racially violent city has seen more than 150 nights of shooting and over 50 incidents of arson.

An old man clambered out of the pickup and into a hardware store for a box of shotgun shells, long-range, four-shot. "Ah'm gonna make Sunday dinner out of some goose or gander," he chuckled. Horseshoe Lake, where Canadian geese bed down for the winter, is only a short drive from Cairo. "Yessuh, ah do a li'l poachin'," he admitted.

He had a face like the underside of a goose's foot and spit tobacco in a lazy motion that left spittle on his chin. He was a sharecropper before technology ruined plow-and-hammer cotton farming. Now, like 30 per cent of the city, he is a poor white on welfare.

Good times for Cairo's poor whites belong to another generation that reaches back to the pre-bellum South when Cairo was a stop on the underground railroad—going the other way. One of the hotels outside town still has a basement dungeon with ankle and wrist chains where captured runaway slaves were held.

"Ah used to do a li'l 'coon' hunting mahself, if yuh know what ah mean," the old man continued. "But ah nevah was as bold about it as these UCCA fellas." He motioned toward a nervous knot of businessmen cloistered in Carl J. Helt's camera shop. These men—Cairo's store managers and shop owners—are the targets of the black boycott. They reportedly meet each Saturday to pool ideas on how to reclaim an economic empire that is close to collapsing. "See how it is 'round heah," the old man said. "Those fellas are in the white hats. And the colored folks are in the black hats. They got a war goin'."

Carl J. Helt and his friends are determined to win this war. Helt's wife left him a year ago because of the violence. He got a new wife. His business is in quicksand. But he makes a profit publishing the *Tri-State Informer,* a monthly compendium of Johnny Reb tales financed in part by the White Citizens Council. Recently he sold his entire stock of Polaroid cameras at half price and now refuses to carry them anymore. His reasons: the sale brought in customers, and it proved his pique at Polaroid Corporation's board of directors, who indirectly donated $10,000 to the United Front of Cairo. (See RAMPARTS, March 1971.)

The United Front, which organized the boycott to demand jobs for blacks, is an indigenous political action group emanating from previous civil rights groups. It is also Helt's avowed nemesis—"a bunch of damn Communists who are trying to steal our town."

The Front says the *regnis tyrannis* in town is Helt's group, the United Citizens for Community Action (UCCA). A vigilante cadre controlled by the downtown merchants, it includes American Nazis. The UCCA's position is clear. "We would rather see the town wiped off the map than turn it over to those revolutionaries from the United Front," a spokesman proclaims.

Because the UCCA still decides white politics and sets town policies, no blacks are in positions of power in the city government, in the police and fire departments, in the merchants association, or even on the council of churches.

by Howard Kohn

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CAIRO IS A SOUTHERN CITY IN a Northern state, an aberration that has attracted national notice. Magnolia trees stand in front of Victorian mansions and cotton still frosts the back country. It is called the capital of "Little Egypt" because it sits on the southern Illinois delta between the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. Mark Twain wrote about it when it was a port for riverfront gambling and contraband smuggling. Now even the politicians stay away. Illinois Senator Charles Percy has been here only once, and that was eight years ago. Governor Richard Ogilvie has sent 30 state police and an armored car instead of coming himself.

Cairo still has six home-grown millionaires. One of them, Harry Emerson, led the fight against school desegregation when he was school board president. He is president of one of the town's two banks. His bank's rigid credit policy serves in effect to deny loans to Cairo's blacks.

But the city is paying for its brazen refusal to make accommodations for its black population, which is now nearly half the town. It is reaping the rewards of racism and a dead-end economy. It is dying. Many blacks and poor whites live in tarpaper shacks. The black neighborhood is like a war zone. Ruins of charred wood clutter almost every block—not much left of the fire-bombed houses because there wasn't much to begin with. A church rectory stands riddled by more than 40 bullet holes. Several downtown storefronts have only broken windows and boarded-up doors. Eight businesses folded last year alone. Population is down to 6100—from 9300 in 1960 and 15,500 in 1955.

But Cairo's ills started before its civil rights struggle. The riverboats deserted first, then the trains stopped coming, then the farmers went broke and the mill shut down. When it was a boom town, men made millions. But even then, those on top refused to share with those on the bottom. Cairo has always been one of the poorest cities in the country, with high unemployment, high welfare payments and a high death rate.

The United Front seems to be the only group concerned with saving the city. So far it has launched a cooperative clothing store that gives away clothes when customers can't pay. And it plans to build several pre-fab houses this summer—as soon as it replaces the construction materials lost in a firebombing.

But its boycott, which was scoffed at when it began, has earned it the bitter enmity of nearly everyone who still has something to lose. Last December the UCCA announced the boycott's funeral—prematurely. At the UCCA's request, the city council had just passed an ordinance that banned picketing within 15 feet of a store. Since Cairo has 12-foot-wide sidewalks, the law effectively prohibited all picketing.

With Governor Ogilvie's rifle-carrying troopers patrolling the streets, the UCCA expected the Front to respect the new ordinance. But the Front quickly condemned it as clearly unconstitutional, and, reluctantly, Ogilvie told his troopers not to enforce it.

So on Saturday, December 5, 1970, the UCCA took the law into its own hands. Armed with baseball bats and axe handles, white-shirted businessmen and coveralled bullies shoved picketers off the sidewalk into the street. A free-for-all started.

Then someone began shooting, apparently from the Ohio River levee, three blocks from downtown. Cairo's policemen returned fire toward the shots. UCCA and Front members also began firing. Miraculously only one person—an auxiliary county deputy—was wounded, but five Front leaders were later arrested for conspiracy to commit murder in the shooting of the deputy.

But the UCCA's national image also suffered—and Jim Flannery was demoted from his job with the Associated Press. Flannery is managing editor of the town newspaper, the Cairo *Evening Citizen*. He has criticized the UCCA for its extremism. Last October he filed an account of an alleged armed attack by a black gang on the Cairo police station—a story (later contradicted by the New York Times and other publications) that the AP circulated nationally—which led directly to Ogilvie's intervention with the state police.

Then, on December 5, Flannery's reporter, a 26-year-old Vietnam veteran hired the previous summer, was downtown. He phoned the AP from the scene, placing most of the blame on the UCCA for igniting the episode. He also told the AP that the police chief had confiscated his film of the beatings and shooting. Flannery fired the reporter the following Monday. Then the AP pulled Flannery off all racial coverage in Cairo. Since then, the national media have begun probing the city's malaise. The press has irritated and worried the UCCA, which makes its annoyance plain. "We have been treated poorly by you people," said James Walder, a UCCA candidate for city council, as he emerged from the Saturday morning meeting at the camera shop. "But," he added, "stick around and there'll be something happening this afternoon that should tell the true story about the United Front."

OVER ON 14TH STREET, grandmothers with canes, middle-aged parents with children, and teenagers with dogs begin massing in St Columba's Catholic Church, home of the United Front. Girls in a choral group sing "Give Me That Old Time Religion," while people clap their hands in accompaniment.

Before the Saturday march downtown, the black community meets for a combination religious service and experiment in participatory democracy. Between the hymns people ask questions or register complaints. Front leaders try to respond to them and add a narrative of last week's events and next week's calendar. The rest of the rally consists of praying, sermonizing and plenty of gossiping.

On this Saturday the crowd was edgy. State policemen milled in front of the church. Other troopers twirled nightsticks as they circled the block. Even more watched the church from parked cars.

A crew from Channel 6 television of Paducah, Kentucky, quarrelled with Front leaders when they were told they could not set up their cameras inside the church. "We heard you guys were in for some big trouble," one newsman said as he left. "Some of your own people are going to kick you out."

A few minutes later Jim Avery walked into the church. Avery is a big man, a former amateur heavyweight boxer who was recruited by the Front to be a city policeman 18 months ago. He quit the city job to work for the state police. Then last summer he opened a bar in the black neighborhood. He remained on friendly terms with the Front until

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Photo by Carl Hampton

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he was accused of selling information he overheard at his tavern to the police.

The Front labelled him a traitor and the black community blackballed him—the only black businessman hit by the boycott. He went out of business in December. Since then he has openly attacked the Front leadership.

Just the night before the rally, Avery walked into a bar in nearby Mound City, pulled the plug on the jukebox and denounced the Front from a bar table. After he left, Jerry Herrod, a United Front member, crouched to plug in the jukebox. At the same time, a fight broke out between two bar patrons arguing over Avery's speech. One pulled a gun and hit Herrod with a stray shot. He died on the tavern floor.

Front leaders blamed Herrod's killing in part on Avery. But when Avery asked to talk at the Front's Saturday rally, they voted to let him speak.

Avery wore a blue business suit, a skinny-dip tie and an epidermal haircut. He mopped his forehead nervously with a handkerchief. "I know how you feel because you are my neighbors and my friends," he began. "I used to feel the same way you do."

One woman stood to shout: "You're *not* one of us. You're one of them."

Avery dogged on, his voice turning into a deep shrill as he listed his charges. "The United Front ain't out for you. They've just brought us a lot of trouble. They're really out for themselves." He paused, and people waited for an explanation. "They're in it for the money," he added.

People alternately laughed and booed at that suggestion. A tiny white-haired woman ran to the rostrum and screamed at him to leave.

"I'm goin' now," he said. "I'd like those people who support what I'm saying to come with me." No one did. Later he admitted to newsmen that the black community probably would not elect him over the Front leaders if there were an election. "But I believe 90 per cent of the people agree with me deep down," he said. "If we got rid of the Front, they would be a whole lot happier."

AT ONE TIME CAIRO'S BLACKS seemed content with their lot in Cairo. Their parents and grandparents danced to tunes of jug bands on streetcorners for a few coins tossed at their feet. They picked cotton in summer and piled grain bags in winter.

Even today blacks here are generally rural, illiterate and Southern. They have not studied the politics of exploitation in classrooms or seminars. But they have lived it. And their experiential education has given them a political awareness few textbooks can equal.

The civil rights struggle officially began here in 1946 when blacks agitated for equal pay for black and white teachers. They won in a court battle.

But from then on they met vigorous and often violent opposition from the city's white fathers. In 1952, crosses burned when black children tried to attend an all-white school. Blacks finally opted for another court fight, which dragged on years beyond the 1954 Brown case.

In 1962 and 1963, SNCC tried to integrate a roller rink and the city swimming pool. Blacks were clubbed by white gangs while police watched. When the courts decided for integration, the rink and the pool were closed down. The same thing happened in 1965 when integration was ordered for movie houses and bowling alleys. Only one theater is left in town.

In 1967 blacks marched again for school integration. Jim Flannery, then a "liberal," had replaced Harry Emerson as school board president and pushed desegregation through. Whites formed their own school, calling it Camelot.

Also in 1967, a white minister beat to death a 70-year-old black man who allegedly had tried to rape the minister's wife. And a black GI home on leave was found hanged under suspicious circumstances in the jail. That's when the shooting started.

The whites formed a vigilante group and called it the White Hats. Based on a state statute dating from the Civil War, and on an article in the Reader's Digest by the late President Eisenhower calling for a Committee of Ten Mil-

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Photo by Jim Brown

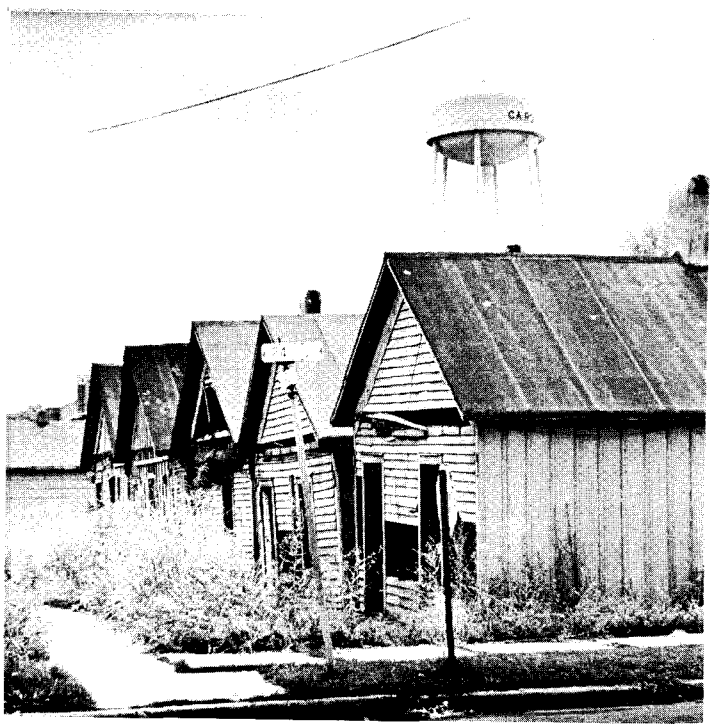

Photo by Carl Hampton

lion to preserve law and order, the White Hats were deputized and allowed to drill in the streets wearing white construction helmets. Under the leadership of one of their founders, aging County Prosecutor Peyton Berbling, the White Hats made and carried out the laws in Cairo for nearly two years. Berbling allowed them to make arrests and to sit on juries. He permitted them to carry guns and praised them when they used them.

Eventually the blacks started shooting back. The Front was organized in 1969 to give the black people a political movement that could fight. Shortly after, the state law allowing vigilante groups was repealed, and the White Hats disbanded and regrouped as the UCCA. Significantly, though, many poor whites who reveled in the power of a badge—an unprecedented feeling of importance for them—quit when they lost their deputy status. The UCCA now has a strange symbiotic membership of down-in-the-mouth businessmen and strong-arm toughs. Shootings have occurred at least twice a week since the UCCA was founded.

Last fall, a small coalition of "moderate" whites, headed by Jim Flannery and Mayor Pete Thomas, tried to call a cease-fire. They offered 18 clerking jobs to the Front if the boycott and shootings ended. They said nothing about white gunmen.

The black community overwhelmingly voted to refuse the offer and by late October civil war raged in Cairo. First, a firebomb destroyed the VFW Hall, which blacks believe was used by snipers to shoot at Pyramid Courts, a World War II housing project where nearly half the blacks live. One man was seriously injured in a knife fight as whites and blacks gathered to watch the hall burn. That night, snipers shot into Pyramid Courts.

The next day the attacks spread. Bullets smashed through walls and into furniture at St. Columba's rectory and at the OEO lawyers' offices. A man walking near the church was shot in the head.

The trajectory of the bullets showed they were fired from the crow's nest atop the police station. Police admitted the shootings but said it was in response to attacks on them.

The worst such assault allegedly occurred the following night. Jim Flannery told the AP that 16 red-tammed, fatigue-wearing blacks—who belonged to a Chicago street gang, according to Mayor Thomas—were dropped off in front of the station and fired into it with automatic weapons.

The story, which Flannery still maintains is accurate, apparently had little basis in fact. To begin with, the limestone fortress is the tallest building in town and the hardest to attack. No one was wounded. No windows were even broken. Only 14 pockmarks that could have been chipped by bullets were found in the limestone walls. Flannery also said that he heard the street gang was slaughtered in a police ambush near Pyramid Courts later that night. Police Chief Fred Theriac, who allegedly started the stories, later said only three men fired on the station. He said there was no police ambush. But by that time, Governor Ogilvie had ordered a full-time command of state troopers to occupy the town—just as the UCCA wanted.

THE UCCA CONTENDS THAT Cairo's police force is "too soft on militants." Three police chiefs and the county sheriff have quit in the last two years, citing pressure from the UCCA as well as the Front. One city official told a St. Louis Post-Dispatch reporter: "We send out the police and let them fire on the project to keep the whites satisfied."

Even Mayor Thomas says, "The police don't use as much force as they should because they're afraid of being sued for brutality." He blames the Front for intimidating the police with its "legal-beagle lawyers." The mayor also believes he was betrayed by the Front when they derided last fall's job offer as "tokenism."

Thomas, who was appointed mayor in September 1969, after his predecessor resigned, says he is running for election in April to prevent black and white extremists from taking over the city council. "I shudder to think about some of these squirrels from either side getting elected," he ex-

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Reverend Charles Koen Photo: Carl Hampton

plains. But if the white extremists do win, he argues, it will be the Front's fault for backing Cairo's whites into a racial corner.

Reverend Charles Koen, the Front's executive director, disagrees. "We are dealing with our own situation to make black people aware of the bloodsuckers in this town," he explains. "Sure, some whites are also being sucked dry. But the trouble is they don't have anybody to put it into perspective for them."

Very few whites support the Front, Koen admits, and the strict racial dichotomy does worry him. Cairo may die in a racial bloodbath some day, he says.

Mayor Thomas says he has ordered the police to shoot to kill in any future racial disturbance—"and when I say kill 'em, I mean kill 'em."

But Reverend Koen maintains Cairo's blacks will no longer give in to threats. "My ministry is to my people," he says, and they seem to believe in what he tells them. "We're living a new religion," he says, "where God is not pie-in-the-sky by and by, but freedom here and now."

Koen was born, brutalized and radicalized in Cairo. He was president of SNCC's local chapter when he was 17, and he was beaten when he led the drive to integrate the roller rink and swimming pool. He left Cairo to attend college and seminary. Then he tried organizing street gangs in St. Louis and East St. Louis, where four cops gave him a near-fatal clubbing.

He returned to Cairo in 1969 and has built the Front into a national organization, with chapters in several Northern and Southern cities. Still, Reverend Koen, who is an associate Baptist minister here, has concentrated his energies on Cairo, which he believes will be a bellwether in the black liberation struggle across the country.

He is impressive, coming on very strong and sincere. He spoke to the rally after Avery's abortive challenge to his leadership. His hands gripped the podium, raising it in the air as he prayed, "Oh Lord, help us to love our enemies, for they know not what they do."

He wore a denim jacket and bell-bottom jeans. His voice was a rich treble, rising out like a covey of quail flushed from cover that flutters to the ground again. His words were forceful, a heady tempo of old-time religion and revolutionary thought: "Lead us not into temptation. For it is the devil who is trying to lead us astray, to make us become like lost sheep that the capitalist wolves can devour. Give us strength, oh Lord. Let our boycott remain strong. Help us remain together. In the name of Jesus Christ, Malcolm X and Dr. Martin Luther King. Amen."

The Front has adopted Koen's personal symbol: a gun on top of a Bible, a combination that can be found in many Cairo homes. Koen criticizes those who use the gun to symbolize Romanticism, Rhetoric and Rapology—"the three Rs of the pseudo-revolutionary." He prefers three commandments he says he learned from the Bible, his handbook for the revolution: (1) Self-defense—the individual has the right to protect himself; (2) Cooperation—the individual has the duty to work for the betterment of all; and (3) Spiritualism—the individual has the capacity to do anything and love anybody.

Because of his charisma and dynamism the 25-year-old Koen seems destined to become a national black leader—if

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he lives long enough. There have already been several threats on his life.

Cairo's blacks seem to worship him. Small children can rattle off his address and telephone number. Their parents applaud him like disciples welcoming a messiah. Everyone, critic and believer alike, credits him with keeping the black movement here together during the past two years of heavy violence.

CAIRO'S BLACKS HAVE ALSO been well served by a white minister and two white priests. Reverend Mankar Harris, a minister in the United Church of Christ, came to Cairo in 1969 after working with Jesse Jackson on "Operation Breadbasket." He is now the Front's press spokesman and editor of its newspaper.

Fathers Gerald Montroy and Bernard Bodowes came to Cairo in 1968, at the direction of their bishop, to help integrate the town's two Catholic parishes. They were soft-spoken, unassuming, apolitical priests, with experience only in suburban parishes. They asked their black parishioners to break the racial ice by attending all-white St. Patrick's Catholic Church. Their parishioners came back with complaints of abuse and ridicule.

Then, according to the *Catholic Reporter*, the St. Patrick's priest told the bishop, "I don't want that scum in my church," and the bishop reneged on his integration plan. Fathers Montroy and Bodowes then resurrected St. Columba's for black Catholics. When the Front needed a headquarters a year later, they agreed to share the church.

But all has not gone well. Father Montroy, beaten and threatened several times, left Cairo last fall for law school. Father Bodowes, who stayed on despite the barrage of bullets into the rectory, was ordered by the archdiocese to evict the Front from the church and close the parish. He refused, and now awaits further action by the church to force him out.

This was only the most recent in a course of obstacles that the Front has had to overcome. While some are the result of internal mismanagement, most are from outside interference and sabotage. For instance, federal funds for a shopping center have been held up because the city council will not rezone land so the Front can build; most of the lumber for the Front's pre-fab construction company was burned by an arsonist; a $40,000 grant from the state has yet to come through because the Front has not appointed a housing director. In addition, all Front leaders have several charges pending against them from confrontations during Saturday marches, and over $50,000 is tied up in bail money.

Since the Front (rather than the city police) started policing Pyramid Courts, the Front says it has drummed out hard drugs and gangsterism. There are some disciplinary troubles, but the Front is learning to deal with them. A youth who accidentally shot a woman with a .22 rifle he bought to hunt rabbits had the gun confiscated by the Front. He was told that the next time he got into trouble he would be turned over to the "white man's justice."

Black people, especially in Pyramid Courts, seem mobilized for any emergency. They are armed to defend against attacks, though they are still sitting-ducks for nighttime snipers. They built a roadblock of Christmas trees and broken glass when state police threatened to search the housing project for weapons. Later, state police surprised them and seized 36 sticks of dynamite and several guns.

AND SO THE STRUGGLE GOES on. Picketers continue to march, despite the weather and possible violence. Front leaders stay on a 24-hour-a-day call for any crises. The people seem to live on simple good-heartedness—though it cannot last forever. Mrs. Carrie Jenkins barbecues ribs and bakes beans for the rallies. Those who have cars drive others to nearby cities to go shopping. At a recent Saturday rally, an old, weathered black man smiled gratefully when he received an unmarked can of soup. "At least that's one more can than I had when I came here," he said.

It was perhaps appropriate that this old black man looked a lot like the old white man who had gone goose-poaching earlier that day. In Cairo, old, poor blacks are kin to poor whites both culturally and economically. They are country folk, farmers and farm laborers who have been used up and discarded by the city's corporate owners. They spend their time now scratching for a free meal—and singing proud, compassionate songs that well up from the intensity of their bitter experience.

"I'm going home, Lord, I'm going home."

They are part of the Old Testament in Cairo; so far, the New Testament is just beginning. The children and grandchildren of black laborers now sing protest songs, but there is no common feeling between them and the progeny of poor whites.

When he first arrived, Reverend Harris tried to organize a black-white coalition to oppose the town's old, rich, white power structure. He gave up because there was too much hate and insecurity. Others close to the Front have also tried and failed. A coalition seems even more impossible now.

Frightened, jealous young whites, men with their wives and pre-school children, dumped garbage on the City Hall steps when the city offered jobs to blacks last fall. "I can remember when I was six years old and my ma whipped me so hard she near broke my back 'cause she caught me playing after school with some colored kids. She told me then you cain't nevah trust no nigger 'cause they're all no 'counts," recalls a 19-year-old white who earns $1.45 an hour as a clerk. He supports a widowed mother and a younger sister. "My ma was right. The colored here are out to run this town. And if they do, I reckon I'll be out of a job. So I cain't afford to have no truck with them."

Last fall, as the black community turned down the job offer, Reverend Koen spoke to a crowd of blacks and whites. He told them the offer was a scheme to manipulate the city's poor—that they needed a change in leadership and new direction and new cooperation.

The poor people here so far have not shown that they understand this means working together racially. Ultimately their fight is the same—to win back their humanity. Each of them, black or white, probably realizes that. But so many years of racism and exploitation stand in the way that it seems they'll all be buried in their graves before that change comes to Cairo.

Howard Kohn is an investigative reporter for the Detroit Free Press.

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Oil and Revolution in the Persian Gulf

by Fred Halliday

FOR OVER 20 YEARS the center of conflict in the Middle East has been the clash between Israel and the Arabs; yet the major economic and strategic interests of the West have been elsewhere: in the oil-rich Persian Gulf. The oil and its profits have continued to flow, and—screened by an aura of desert sheikhs, harems and sudden wealth, where oil seems to flow in relentless rivers through the sands—it is a part of the world that has gone almost completely unknown to the ordinary outsider.

Now all that has changed. As then future British Prime Minister Edward Heath remarked in April 1969: "The long stability which the Gulf has enjoyed is now at risk." There are two reasons for Heath's ill omens. One is the fact that after 150 years of colonial domination Britain has decided to withdraw her forces from the Gulf by the end of 1971; the other is that in one Gulf state, the Sultanate of Oman, a revolutionary people's war led by a Marxist-Leninist party has created, in the words of the Los Angeles Times, "a miniature Vietnam" in the Middle East.

The Persian Gulf is bounded by 14 different states with a total population of 45 million. Three of these 14—Iran, Iraq and Saudi Arabia—are independent oil-producing countries which make up over 95 per cent of the area's population. Kuwait, which gained independence from Britain in 1961, has 750,000 people. The other ten states are British dependencies. Though it is formally independent, the Sultanate of Oman is in fact a British colony. The rest are British colonies both in fact and in name and have a total population of under 500,000, ranging from Bahrein, with 200,000, to Umm al-Qaiwain, with 3700.

What makes the Gulf important is that it is the richest source of oil in the world. It produces 25 per cent of the capitalist world's oil and contains 50 per cent of known reserves. Europe gets half of its oil from the Gulf, Japan gets 90 per cent and the U.S. war effort in Vietnam relies on it completely. There are other sources of oil in the world, but they are far more expensive to produce than Gulf oil. A barrel (42 gallons) of Gulf oil costs as little as ten cents to produce (as compared to three dollars in the case of Alaskan oil). On the average, Middle Eastern oil is ten times cheaper to produce than oil from the Western hemisphere.

Uncle Sam himself does not depend on Arab oil to run his machines; less than three per cent of U.S. oil comes from the Middle East. For U.S. firms maintain a monopoly restriction on imports of cheaper oil, thereby looting an estimated $6 billion a year from the U.S. consumer. Meanwhile, U.S. firms own 70 per cent of Gulf production; in 1968 they made $1.3 billion out of Middle Eastern production (the Gulf plus Libya) for a total reinvestment of only $267 million. At the same time, Middle East states used their revenues from oil to buy $500 million worth of U.S. goods. The annual benefit to U.S. business as a whole from Gulf operations is over $1 billion. British firms derive similar benefits, and Gulf oil operations net Britain a clear $500 million in profit per annum.

Nor is anything in the near future likely to upset the balance: discoveries in the North Sea (off Britain) and in Alaska are high-cost sources and will not lessen dependence on Gulf and Libyan oil. The Gulf will remain the richest source of oil, and of profits from the colonial world, and the site of the largest British or U.S. investment outside the northern hemisphere.

SINCE 1945 THERE HAVE BEEN a number of threats to imperialist hegemony from within these states and the Palestinian issue has catalyzed nationalist sentiment—if not organization—in the Gulf area. But these movements have been systematically suppressed—as in the spectacular 1953 coup which ousted the Iranian nationalist Prime Minister Mosadeq. Similar strike movements in Iran, Saudi Arabia and Britain's colonies have been broken by arrests and torture. Iraq's pro-British monarchy was overthrown in 1958, but was replaced by a series of military regimes which present no real threat to the oil monopolies in the rest of the Gulf.

However, since 1965 there has been a people's war in Dhofar, the southernmost province of the Sultanate of Oman; this area now forms the focus of the revolutionary struggle. A state of 82,000 square miles with a population estimated at 750,000, Oman covers the southeastern bloc of the Arabian peninsula. Since the 1870s it has been a British colony. From 1932 to 1970 the formal ruler was a tyrant of myth-

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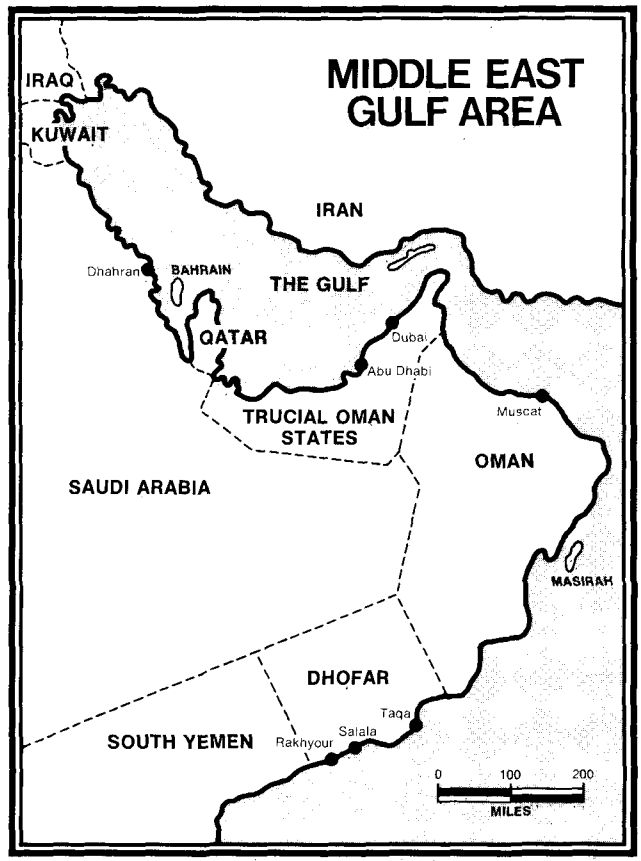
ical character by the name of Said bin Taimur. He had 5000 personal black slaves; he banned football, trousers, glasses, radios and medicine as contrary to the "traditions of his people"; and he systematically excluded all journalists from his state. From 1958 he lived in a castle in Salala, the capital of Dhofar, and kept in touch with events through a system of spies and informers, and by peering at the population through a telescope he had installed in his office. After 1966 he was never seen in public and many of his subjects thought he was dead.

Unlike the rest of Arabia, Dhofar province is a mountainous area of 30,000 square miles with 200 miles of coastline; it has a rich tropical climate, with forests, pastures and plenty of water. A mixture of Arabs, blacks and pre-Arabic tribesmen, who live off fishing and flocks of cattle and goats, make up the population; most of them live in caves. Many speak only the pre-Arabic language of Himyarite, extinct elsewhere on the peninsula. Before the revolution there were no radios, no doctors and no schools. Dhofar was the most unknown, most isolated part of the Near East.

Dhofaris emigrated to the Gulf in the 1950s to work in the oil fields and in British mercenary units. Many joined the clandestine Arab Nationalist Movement, at that time in close alliance with Nasserism. Plans were made for a nationalist opposition to the pro-British Sultan, and the politicized emigrés made contact with dissident tribal leaders inside Dhofar. Armed struggle began in 1965 when a convoy of American oil explorers belonging to the Richfield Oil Corporation was blown up. Guerrillas have made spectacular progress since then and by the beginning of 1971 they had liberated all of Dhofar except for the capital and a strip of land around it; moreover, they had become the most politically and militarily advanced detachment of revolutionary forces in the Arab world. Unlike their obvious counterparts, the Palestinians, they are united, successful, Marxist, and administering a liberated territory.

The Dhofari revolution has undergone profound political changes since 1965. Until 1968 it was led by the Dhofari Liberation Front, which limited its demands to the liberation of Dhofar from alien (Omani) rule, and was close to Nasserism. However, in 1968, when the organization changed its name to the Popular Front for the Liberation of the Occupied Arab Gulf and adopted Marxism-Leninism as the official ideology, it demanded liberation of the whole British-occupied Gulf.

Several factors contributed to the Front's ideological change. One was the weakening of Nasserism in the Arab world as a whole, a weakness that was exaggerated by some Arab militants (such as Habbash and Hawatmeh) but which did nevertheless have a definite reality. The crisis of Nasserism was due to its inability to produce socialism in Egypt and to lead an effective anti-imperialist struggle, highlighted by the Israeli victory of June 1957. After that defeat Egypt took up a pro-imperialist position in the Arabian peninsula, accepting the pressures of Saudi Arabia, on whom it relied for money. In addition to the growing conflict of interests with the Nasserites, there was the unavoidable fact of a triumphant nationalist revolution next door in the state of South Yemen. Since it won independence in November 1967, South Yemen has become a secure support for the guerrilla war in Dhofar.



THE ONLY WAY INTO DHOFAR is via South Yemen, and I went in this way during February 1970. The last stage of the trip was in the Popular Front's only ship, *The Voice of the People,* which took us to the border base town of Hauf. From there we had to go on foot; the sea trip was considered too risky—*The Voice of the People* was later sunk by British planes—and the terrain is too rough even for camels or donkeys.

In the liberated area itself, power is in the hands of the Front and its institutions: the People's Liberation Army (PLA), the popular militia, and the various committees set up in each province and district to deal with specific problems; these include a committee for resolving intertribal conflicts and a committee for mobilizing and educating women. Education and the emancipation of women are two issues given particular emphasis. Each PLA unit or village has a literacy class with a six-month course to teach Arabic (for those who speak only Himyarite) and politics, since the basic reading text is *The Quotations of Mao Tse-tung.* In the main training camp, military trainees are put through a three-month course of military and political training which includes four hours of combined literacy and politics each day, and a 25-stage course on the fundamentals of Marxism-Leninism which covers the basic concepts of Marx, Lenin and Mao.

The situation of women is a central issue in Dhofar. When I was in the main base camp, the first platoon of women was

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receiving military training alongside the men, and several of these girls had fled their parents to participate in the struggle. One girl of 15, Tufula, had participated in a major battle in the western part of Dhofar in 1968 by carrying water and ammunition to men at the front line; another girl, Amina, had escaped from the capital, Salala, by swimming for eight hours in the sea with a rubber tire, since it was impossible to escape by land. "It is better to die in the sea than be captured by the British imperialists," she said. She and Tufula were also quite clear in what they thought about Nasser: "A reactionary and a petty bourgeois." The Front in Dhofar has also organized an attack on the specific institutions of the oppression of women: the need for men to offer property to marry women; marriage without consent of the girl; unequal divorce rights; and the survival of such pre-Islamic customs as female circumcision. No one pretends that these problems have been solved, and several issues raised by women's liberation in the industrialized countries, such as sexuality and the family, have not yet been explicitly raised. But the Front's theory and practice is clear: women suffer from a dual oppression—as peasants in a colonial society, and as women subject to men. Both forms must be attacked together.

Militarily the Front has inflicted a severe blow on the British. The government army is officered by British mercenaries and seconded officers, while the rank and file are Pakistanis and Omanis; they are backed up by jet fighters flown by British and Commonwealth pilots, and squads of Special Air Services (the British equivalent of the Green Berets) have also been sent in.

By August 1969 the PLA had occupied Rakhyut, the capital of western Dhofar and the last government position in the region. In the eastern province the Front had captured the main town, Taga, in May 1970. The government was left holding only Salala and operating along a road (renamed by the Front "the Red Line") leading from Salala through a mountain pass to the desert beyond. The PLA is also in a position to mortar the British air base at Salala, where around 400 British personnel are pinned down. The government response to this military defeat has been similar to that in Vietnam: the British have made up for their ground weakness by air and artillery attacks on villages in the liberated areas, and by attempts to strangle them by cutting off supplies of rice traditionally imported through Salala. The towns occupied by the Front have all been evacuated and the inhabitants dispersed in the hills to avoid the bombing.

Still, these tactics proved a failure and in July 1970 the British replaced the Sultan by his son Qabus, who had been trained at Sandhurst (the British equivalent of West Point), announcing an "enlightened" program of reforms coupled with a stepped-up military offensive against the revolution. Qabus's plan is a classic of counterinsurgency: to boost the economic situation in Salala, to regroup the population by force, and to try to smash the guerrillas by air power and the use of British troops. But as Newsweek reported (December 28, 1970), "The People's Liberation Army is still staying several steps ahead of the five Omani Army companies that are trying to quash the revolt." The British plan now is to launch a second offensive in the western province to try to strangle the supply lines.

THE MAJOR PROBLEM THE revolution now faces is that of extending the armed struggle from the mountains of Dhofar to the oil-producing areas of Oman and the Gulf, from which Dhofar is separated by 500 miles of desert. In June 1970, armed struggle did begin in the mountains of Oman itself, but the British were able to contain it, and political action (organizing the oil and construction workers) has since been paramount. However, the situation is precarious, since Britain has announced her intention to quit her nine Gulf colonies by the end of 1971; she won't quit Oman, because she does not admit that Oman is a colony.

The British plan is to get her nine colonies to federate in a "Union of Arab Emirates" as a single state; Britain would continue to officer and supply the army and would be able to continue to rule behind the façade of independence. Local rulers have been reluctant to agree on the Union and four of them are building up their own private armies. Those with money from oil think they can go it alone; and those who have no money are reluctant to put themselves at the mercy of those who do.

The U.S. position and interest in all this is crystal clear. LBJ opposed the 1968 British decision to pull out of the Gulf, and Rogers was sent to London in late June 1970 to try to get the new Tory regime to change their minds. But the British reckon it would cause too much trouble to reverse the decision, so they are going ahead. What the British and the U.S. are trying to work out now is a three-tier neo-colonial strategy to cover both the Gulf and the Indian Ocean areas. The lowest layer consists in rigging up a puppet federation of Britain's clients in the Gulf, putting down the revolution in Dhofar and building a strong army. Stage two is to persuade Saudi Arabia and Iran to guarantee imperialist interests and the Union and to move in if things get out of control. The third tier involves establishing a net of British and American bases for surveillance and for use in the event combat troops are sent in to support the local counterrevolutionary activities.

The maintenance of this base system in the Gulf is going hand in hand with a build-up in the Indian Ocean to meet an alleged "Soviet threat." In May 1970 Melvin Laird announced that ships from the Seventh Fleet would be sent to the western Indian Ocean after they had completed their duties in Indochina, and in December 1970 the U.S. and Britain announced plans to build a joint $19 million base on the island of Diego García, south of India. At the same time the British government has decided to step up strategic military cooperation with South Africa, and Pentagon officials are known to want the U.S. to do the same.

The year 1971 will be crucial for the revolutionary struggle in the Gulf and for the Middle East as a whole. A popular victory in the Gulf would affect both the Arab regimes around Israel and the neo-colonial states in the Indian Ocean. Most importantly of all, it will threaten imperialism's greatest colonial asset—Gulf oil.

Fred Halliday is a journalist with London's New Left Review. Together with Fawwar Trabulsi, he has written a book on the struggles in the Gulf states which will be published this year.

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(Continued from Page 19)

[SIDE I: THE DREAM IS OVER]

LENNON'S IMMEDIACY COMES out of, and connects with, a general awakening in the rock/revolution audience. His voice sounds authentic now, not because it is prophetic but because it is resonant: it despises the pervasive complex of repressive roles and manipulative myths while still feeling trapped within them. Lennon today seems a lot like the Dylan of the mid-'60s: a "protest" singer (as Lennon himself remarks) against the most urgent conditions of oppression, whether simple segregation or the pain of personal alienation. But somehow, the honesty of rage and revolt in Dylan's decade was lost, and a glossy, campy rhetoric of revolution took its place. The commercial demands of record companies, concert producers and movie studios (Columbia Records' *The Sound of the Revolutionaries*, for instance) were obviously perverting. But the mechanisms which drain meaning from our minds are not all external. We do it to ourselves. The need of corporate institutions to oppress us is matched and complemented by our need to submit. Myths cannot be forced on unwilling heads.

In his *Rolling Stone* interviews, Lennon presents a rare inside examination of the brutal demands that rock commerce makes on its stars. Those degrading relationships at the top are quickly visited below on the fans. One small but depressing example: Brian Epstein, the Beatles' manager, restricted the group's freedom in talks about "controversial" subjects, such as war and revolution. Lennon says:

"I thought it was about time we fuckin' spoke about [revolution]; the same as I thought it was about time we stopped not answering about the Vietnamese War when we were on tour with Brian Epstein and had to tell him, 'We're going to talk about the war this time and we're not going to just waffle.' I wanted to say what I thought about revolution."

In one version of the song "Revolution," Lennon says, he wrote "count me in" on violence. He then changed it to "count me out," he continues, "because I wasn't sure." Now, there's no reason to ask Lennon to be sure about violent revolution; but in the commercial, compromising context of Beatles productions, there could be no choice except that of least controversy. All the demands on his creativity pushed in the direction of safety, rather than experimentation, less open feelings rather than more.

The indirect dynamics of degradation are even more appalling, and the implications for the creation of a myth-bound mass audience are larger than in the matter of suppression of opinion. The battles around management of the Beatles' maxi-million-dollar enterprises created a kind of commercial manic hysteria that made honesty entirely unthinkable—among the parties to the madness or between performers and audience: literally nothing could be real. Concert tours were paradigms of objectifications, with Beatles, groupies, managers, advance-men, hangers-on—and fans—seen as just so many soup cans, or dollars, or holes in Albert Hall. It's hardly surprising that the tensions between the four Beatles—and particularly between Lennon and McCartney, the most creative two—became unbearable, as their bodies, and their selves, became totally commercial objects.

The "revolutionary" mind-styles and the "radical" music and lyrics of rock and roll have been contradicted by the values of commercialism, authoritarianism, personality cultism, sexism: all that which is attached to, and which nurtures, the rock scene. As Lennon details, fortunes and careers ride on the success of the star system until the star-as-object overwhelms the artist-as-subject. But that is not all. An audience had to be created to respond as a mass to the demands of rock commerce, to buy *Sergeant Pepper*, read *Rolling Stone*, see *Help*, buy Apple clothes, think Apple thoughts, dream Apple dreams. Sometimes the magic worked and sometimes

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it didn't; but the totality of demands did work to lead a willingly submissive audience into submission.

When the Beatles sang about dope, or the Stones sing about street-fighting, the mass audience is being teased about liberation, rather than supported in a struggle. The anti-liberation values of rock mythology—the commerce and the obedience—must be bought along with the music. We are whip-sawed between freedom and manipulation, honesty and duplicity, love and death. While proclaiming the imminence of personal and public liberation, rock has been moving more determinedly towards a kind of totalitarianism. The rock stars and the pop heroes have become authority figures who can integrate the isolated lives of the young white middle-class mass: come together, under me.

[SIDE II: I FOUND OUT]

READING THE LENNON interviews seems much like finding original source material for "The Mass Psychology of Fascism." Liberation myths personified in rock stars have a power to blow our minds in the way that racial myths incarnate in political personalities once did (and still do), or welfare myths in the smiles of liberal politicians can often do. Rock cultism takes real needs and basic aspirations of young white people and directs them to the bodies of star-objects. That process happens without self-consciousness and without struggle. It occurs because the audience is atomized, not because it is together. The material of the music—the words and the beat—ultimately have less direct impact on consciousness than the experience of the fan-mass.

It's hardly worth repeating that American society (and to a lesser extent other corporate states) finds mass cultism among a potentially insurgent group both necessary and valuable. The pressures on black leaders to become quasi-religious leaders are certainly apparent in every newspaper story about the black struggle. It was never clear, for instance, whether Martin Luther King was more valuable to the white ruling class or to the black masses. Cults of personality keep the cult-worshippers atomized, isolated and pliable. There's a danger, of course, that the personalities will vie with the older rulers in power; Lyndon Johnson and Martin Luther King could hardly have been the best of friends; the Jefferson Airplane and Bobby Kennedy might have been.

The cultism and hero-worship rampant in youth culture and the Movement is a frightening example of the way destructive consciousness is built into the American mass —even when a part of that mass is explicitly committed to liberation. Mythic relationships trickle down from pop stardom to the lowest levels of young people's social organization; elitist leadership, *macho*-tripping, submissiveness and self-repression have characterized the Movement groups of the late '60s as much as the dialectical opposites of those qualities for which we were all supposedly working.

What's so startling, and so wrenching about the Lennon Documents—music and speech—is that they suggest a radical way out: a way to deal with dreams. Lennon's way, it seems to me, is a revival of honesty, a commitment to authenticity of feeling that overcomes the real fears of self-contradiction, failure and pain. In that sense, the value of his personal depositions in the *Rolling Stone* interviews is not in the promulgation of a "correct line," but in the presentation of a real personal and public struggle to be free. Of course Lennon is nothing if not a walking bundle of contradictions; his enormous ego is oppressive still, even in cool print; he reveals a very unliberated attitude toward race, class and sex ("I hope ['Working-Class Hero'] is for workers and not for tarts and fags") and some liberated attitudes, too. His songs are less contradictory, because more carefully thought out, and there are occasional verses of such clarity and force that they transcend that aspect of banality which we all used to explain away in Lennon lyrics:

Keep you doped with religion and
sex and TV
And you think you're so clever and classless
and free
But you're still fucking peasants as far as I can see
A working-class hero is something to be.

There is a real problem in his attempt to incorporate the material of his recent "primal scream" psychotherapy into the music. It is immediately effective but somehow too transient a notion, and its extreme expressiveness jars with the simplicity of statement that informs most of his songs.

BUT THERE'S NOT MUCH point in an *analyse du texte* of the album or the interviews. Their value is in the impression they create, rather than in the line they promote. Most of us who have listened to the Lennon album have also been digging George Harrison's *All Things Must Pass* and Dylan's *New Morning*, and comparisons are inevitably made, and perhaps instructive. Harrison certainly goes down smooth and easy, but I can't see that it's much more than karmic bubble-gum music, a wah-wah trip to the top of the charts. Dylan's songs are masterpieces of formalism; even where he is explicitly singing of himself there is a feeling of a third personality: Zimmerman as Dylan as song-writer. No pain, no struggle. That may be cool enough; songs are songs. But after the intensity of Lennon's psychological and political explorations, simple song-writing seems an empty pastime, a respite rather than a realization.

What Lennon found out is the necessity for demystification, the possibility for breaking through myths, the inevitability of honesty. But he ends just at the point where we all have to begin: "And so, dear friends, you just have to carry on." What that means must have to do with finding a way to shatter all the gods without us and within, to transfer power from our heroes to our imagination, to free ourselves from the isolation of private existence in a mass audience. I don't think we can do it by chanting Hare Krishna, although that's a useful exercise at times; nor by finding a little house in Utah and catching rainbow trout: that is *not* what it's all about. Neither of those options—perhaps valid in some times or climates—comes to grips with the reality of American state power and its capacity for catastrophe. The essential issue, in Lennon's terms, is "isolation," and how it will have to be resolved is by struggle, not private tripping.

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The Press and the Cold War

By James Aronson. Bobbs-Merrill, 1970. $8.00.

THE MOST VALUABLE asset any ongoing political system has is confidence, faith, whether it is the obviously oppressive Nazi system or the illusively free American system. An overt military state, as Machiavelli implies, is a last resort. Consent of the governed is given out of an act of belief which springs from the ability of the system to sell itself. Confidence breaks down for a variety of reasons; sometimes economic breakdown comes first, but a breakdown in faith can lead to disastrous economic consequences. We have been through such a time.

If James Aronson's (he was editor of the National Guardian when it used to be good) book had been published during the high Cold War period (1948–1960), there would have been few who believed in it, so successful was the system in creating faith in itself: it would have been buried with the phrase "Commie-inspired" (and the Commie as demon still resides in many hearts). But the past ten years have seen a gradual erosion of faith. Aronson's book adds another chapter exposing the grand deception. So bad have things gotten that I recently talked to an AP newsman who told me that he and a number of his co-workers had seriously considered taking the wire over by force and sending out uncensored, unedited news . . . at least until the police came. Tentative, not very good, gropings have been made in the direction of establishing honest news services, and the underground press has been crude, shrill, or just dreamy.

In brief, *The Press and the Cold War* traces the history of the press's role in general and the press's role in particular during the Cold War. It's a huge topic, and unfortunately, while valuable, Aronson's is a short book which primarily exposes newspapers as propaganda arms of imperial capitalism, pointing to an ongoing, unchange-

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able condition. If the New York Times seems a little more ameliorative these days, don't worry: there hasn't been a change of heart, only a change of line, a fight of factions within the general hegemony, a United Front strategy emanating from the corporate liberals.

KEY ISSUES are touched on: the great spy scare of the early '50s, which helped to aid in the growth of national paranoia; the rise and fall of Joe McCarthy; the Korean War; the Bay of Pigs and the Cuban missile crisis and Vietnam. (We're seeing some of the same today.) In each case the press played a vital role in defining feelings for readers: there might have been Establishment press criticism about the implementation of a particular policy, but what Aronson makes very clear is that there was no attack on the basic imperial thrust of the United States. What's fascinating about the book is the glimpses we get of the kinds of fights that are waged within the newspapers themselves, the question of tactics, the fight between what Acheson has called long-range goals and short-range goals. For some, economic strategies are more effective than the military error.

The missing element, the most difficult to come by, is how decisions on stories are actually made. One wonders what editorial decisions are consciously political, what decisions represent a compromise between faction struggles within the newspapers, and to what extent reporters and editors manipulate themselves.

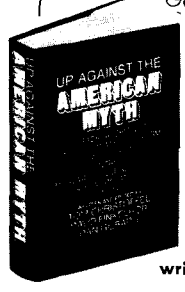
To be sure, radicals will say, we all know that. We know that the Establishment press and the media are all bullshit and anyway, the Cold War is old hat, ancient history, and that's not what's happening now. But lack of history has led to pinhead consciousness and some very bad moves: the "bullshit" is still received faith to millions of people who have the reportage reinforced by a hundred different media manipuluations. The government hasn't learned to criticize intelligently and precisely, to pass criticism on to those who suspect that something is very wrong but don't know what it is; those who say that these times, Vietnam, all that, is an aberration, a mistake, a blunder. The only thing that can save us is a knowledge of history and an understanding of the kinds of fights the system mounts. In understanding this, *The Press and the Cold War* is a valuable

"CAPITALISM STINKS"

Those are the first two words of the introduction to a new book based on the Harvard course—now banned—which was widely credited with helping to radicalize the university.

The rest of the book is equally outspoken. Capitalism, it contends, is "highly destructive, wasteful, exploitative, and irrational. . . . We can only solve our social problems and create the Good Society by doing away with capitalism and the institutions that support it."

Written in part and edited by three organizers of the course, the book also includes contributions from Paul Baran, Paul Sweezy, Leo Huberman, Bernard D. Nossiter, Ralph Miliband, Eric Lessinger, Gabriel Kolko, G. William Domhoff, Jeremy Brecher, and others—all of them dedicated to the systematic demolition of "the American myth."



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addition to a growing library of books which have exposed the National Act of Forgetting, required American History. It's this understanding which enables us to fit the pieces together and to understand what each news item and editorial means. If the new Op Ed page of the New York Times prints what a Tom Hayden or a Herbert Marcuse has to say, does that mean a change of heart, or an understanding that we may be close to the brink of a national revolution and an attempt to say, See, we are after all flexible, the system *does* have give, and aren't our young the most beautiful and intelligent people the world has ever seen?

One must read each day's news with all the resistance resources and acumen available, for each item, every one, represents a political line and direction generated out of political motives, both conscious and unconscious, which the very language used and the things chosen to dramatize underline. Tendencies conflict and lines emerge.

THE AMERICAN SYSTEM for the dissemination of ideology is possibly the most sophisticated and flexible of all time. It's difficult to take only one segment of it and study it alone. The press connects with television, with the university, with all kinds of hidden, coercive persuasions imaginable; connects to textbooks, filmstrips, educational films, the movies, books on history, economics, sociology, psychology (popular and erudite), comic books, television advertising, drama and comedy, scholarly conferences and cultural congresses, newsletters (which most of us cannot afford), corporate brochures, promotional material (often passed out free as educational material), with a fantastic outpouring of religious material, novels, criticism of all kinds, press releases . . . it's endless. And all of this passes into the very unconscious of people, making them emotionally receptive to the things the press published during the Cold War period. One fights the attitudes generated outside of one, but fighting the attitudes planted *inside* one is something radicals have not been too successful at.

When you talk to reporters, you find out that most of them know precisely where the body is buried. There are those who are dignified and praise themselves about their objectivity. But there are others who have broken down and have become cynical. One simply asks the question of everything that happens—whether it's a new military installation that's going up, or a new poverty program, revenue-sharing, or a decision to paint all the traffic lights yellow—who's profiting and what's the political purpose of it? Those of us who were young during the Cold War still, emotionally, take the Establishment past for granted and think that things have changed. Aronson's book is a corrective for that attitude.

THE TIMES ARE RIPER than they ever were for the final breakdown in confidence. Ten years of credibility gap have made people receptive to a book like Aronson's. And in a certain way it's a corrective to books like Gay Talese's *Kingdom and the Power*, which is a nice, entertaining, gossipy book which implies that class attitudes, pride, stubbornness, bumbling, stuffiness and downright stupidity generate an embarrassment of confusions which pass for news or living history. But whatever dissonances of pride Times men may have, they rarely are stupid, bumbling or apolitical. And Aronson is very good at pointing this out.

The major disagreement I have with Aronson (which doesn't vitiate his book) is his contention that newspapers grew into adjuncts of big power as there was financial concentration—that there has been a gradual eroding of the press's freedom. More and more, revisionist history tells us that the press *always* served power. From the Founding Fathers on, the genius of American Politics has been its superb ability to say one thing and mean another. Newspapers were always the arms of contending power-groupings and factions. Decay of excellence, growth of corruption, perversion of the American Dream is a myth. After all, the Puritans and the Pilgrims were a corporate business arm first and a religious-freedom-seeking group second; and the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are recruiting posters.

The post-World War II period represents possibly the grand attempt to really get American capitalism's shit together; the highest stage of concentration and unanimity over world goals and its effect on the press. For that

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reason Aronson's *The Press and the Cold War* is well worth the studying. You'll get a beautiful sense of reverse *déjà vu* out of it.

—SOL YURICK

Letters:

[BOYCOTTING POLAROID]

EDITORS: Unhappily, the Polaroid Corporation chose the day that RAMPARTS went to press to publicize its decision to reject black worker demands that it disengage from continuing to seek profit in the racist Republic of South Africa. Consequently, the piece on Polaroid (March 1971) could not include a report on how this self-styled liberal company chose finally to deal with the South Africa issue.

Readers of just about every major newspaper in the country were treated to a full-page propaganda offensive by Polaroid last January announcing the company's decision to stage an "Experiment" in South Africa. Rather than ease itself out of its complicity with apartheid, Polaroid chose to play at philanthropy by unveiling a program for upgrading black labor and starting a scholarship fund for about 500 Africans. The anti-apartheid oriented American Committee on Africa has denounced the program as "charity, not change," and along with the Polaroid Workers Revolutionary Movement has asked the United Nations to back an expanding international boycott of all Polaroid products.

Here in New England, distributors of Polaroid products are being challenged in black communities as well as at campus stores and suburban retail outlets. Polaroid stock proxies are being solicited for a challenge at the next stockholders' meeting, and the coalition of organizations backing the boycott is expanding. If RAMPARTS readers want to help, they can contact the movement directly, c/o Caroline Hunter, 46 Longwood, Brookline, Massachusetts.

DANIEL SCHECHTER

[HIROSHIMA IN LAOS]

EDITORS: As predicted in Banning Garrett's article on the Nixon strategy to win the war (RAMPARTS, February 1971), the U.S. has engineered an invasion of Laos. Not satified with dropping a Hiroshima on the Ho Chi Minh Trail every four days, Nixon has decided to further decimate Laos with a major ground troop invasion. If Cambodia is any measure, however, the invasion will strengthen the Pathet Lao rather than weaken them, supplies coming down the Trail will not be slowed in any appreciable way, and the Thieu-Ky hold on Saigon will be weakened by the absence of large numbers of South Vietnamese troops.

According to today's news, the invasion of Laos is not going well. If Garrett is right, this means that Nixon's next step might be "to use a tactical nuclear weapon on the Ho Chi Minh Trail to isolate the NLF permanently with a radioactive barrier." This is a terrifying suggestion, but it seems to be the logic of the Nixon strategy. . . .

The American anti-war movement *must* reactivate itself. The Movement of the '60s succeeded in making the war unpopular; the Movement of the '70s must *stop* the war. . . .

ERICA MANSFIELD
Newark, New Jersey

[RIPPING OFF ABBIE]

EDITORS: Let me please respond directly to Abbie Hoffman's article, "America On $0 a Day," which appeared in your February 1971 issue.

It was easy enough to read the article in a humorous fashion, looking for ways to get the better of a wretched system. But the article, as a whole, indicates an attitude, a set of attitudes really, that are as destructive, as capitalistic, as selfish, and as narcissistic as the system it decries. It makes it apparent that such leaders (sic) as Hoffman and his ilk offer no feasible alternative to the present system.

Mr. Hoffman advocates making use of food stamp programs, shoplifting from supermarkets, making use of false credentials to purchase wholesale items, receiving welfare money on a fraudulent basis, using the loopholes available to receive unemployment checks, cheating the banks, telephone company, and such. He is certainly correct that all of these facilities and organizations are poorly designed, do more harm than good, and generally need to be gotten rid of, but his methods of attaining such are selfish, hypocritical and just as harmful as the established programs he is cheating.

Each of his proposals are at a cost to those who can *least* afford it, and, goddammit, that is exactly what the whole lousy capitalist system does. Cheat the food stamp program and you take funds from a limited source that could go to the families really in need, families that do not share Hoffman's piggish resourcefulness. Why not try to rid us of such half-ass programs and replace them with constructive, and really helpful, alternatives. I'm not saying that he should work within the system, but neither can he ignore it in such a manner that it actually punishes those needing help. If that's the revolution he speaks about, he can keep it. . . .

KNUD HANSEN
Lansing, Michigan

EDITORS: I have subscribed to Ramparts for many years. I consider my-

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self a liberal. I am not a revolutionary —according to your writings (your article on "Free Food"). How do you expect your followers to be loyal if you teach them as did Fagin?

As for me, I've had it. Please cancel our subscription.

JACK FALVEY, President
The Hippo Restaurants
San Francisco, California

[RIGHT ON, ABBIE!]

EDITORS: Your February issue was one of the best yet—especially the article by Abbie Hoffman. Hoffman has recognized the depraved ethic of our society which superimposes a moral prohibition against stealing over an economic system that is robbing us blind. Given the powerlessness of individuals in this country to be able to effect political change (witness the escalation of the Indochinese war despite the mandate of a majority of Americans to end that war), we are left with the choice of acquiescing in our powerlessness or striking out at our oppressors in whatever way we can. In the absence of a viable revolutionary movement, we are left with the alternative of ripping off the Man. Limited as this action may be, it at least helps to further break down conditioned loyalties to an exploitative economic system and a sterile culture. . . .

STEPHAN SMITH
Los Angeles, California

[BLOW-UP]

EDITORS: The article on the Army Math Research Center at the U. of Wisconsin [RAMPARTS, February 1971] was great. . . . As someone interested in public health and the problems of rat bites in big cities I was especially interested in the passing reference that was made to the product WARFARIN which Rock reveals was invented at the U. of W. with Alumni Research Funds backing. It may interest you to know the mechanism by which WARFARIN, "the PERFECT rat-poison" as we in public health call it, works. The principle is simple: it is an anticoagulant and, in effect, causes the animal to hemorrhage in larger doses. It has a "build-up" effect by which small amounts can be given over a period of time (a few days) at which point any bleeding will be fatal. If this is the result of the "unclassified" research that centers like the Army Math Research Center produce, then I'm glad it is gone. I cannot help but believe that the rat-poison WARFARIN was merely a byproduct of a much more ominous poison for humans that was based on the same anticoagulation principle.

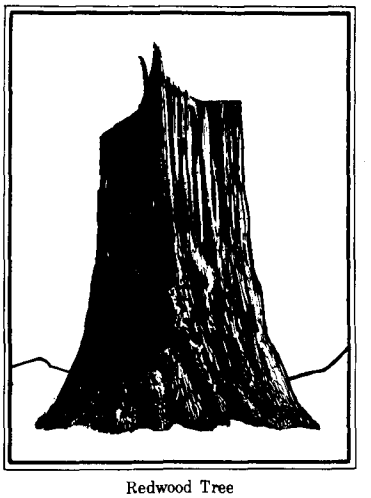
You do some great muckraking. Keep it up.

DAVID ROSNER
Amherst, Massachusetts

[UNCOVERING AGENTS]

EDITORS: I read the article "Uncovering Undercover Agents" [RAMPARTS, December 1970] with interest. Your methods described are not only thorough but also rival the guidelines of investigation set by military intelligence directives. As you can note by the enclosed form your questions touch all points (excluding item 17) included on Department of Defense Form 398 (the initial paperwork necessary for background investigation). Successful completion of a background

"If you've seen one redwood tree, you've seen them all." R.Reagan



Redwood Tree

That statement was made about six years ago. Last month, in regard to a major oil spill — the same man said "It could have been worse."

Times have changed, but most of the people running this country haven't. Clear Creek is what you can do about it. We're a magazine for doers, telling precisely the way things are and what you can do about them.

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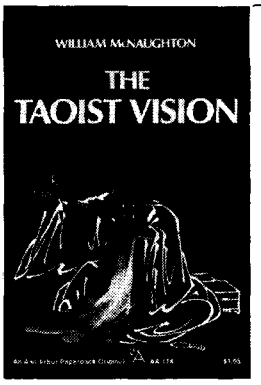

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investigation enables military personnel to have access to classified information. Hope your readers have better luck than we do.

Sincerely,
TOM HUGGINS
Special Agent
Military Intelligence
TUSLOG Det 4, Box 165
APO New York 09133

EDITORS: This is the first letter I've written to a magazine but tonight I picked up the December 1970 issue of RAMPARTS and I want to compliment your article on undercover agents. I'm a freshman at CCTI, located in Springfield, Ohio. The reason that this article interested me and my fellow students is because this city has recently seen the arrest of from one to 20 kids per week. Every week undercover agents are doing their "duty" in busting local heads and concerned local political figures. Not that this is world-shattering news, but for a town that three months ago hardly ever saw street people . . . busted, it's bad. . . . This shit has got to stop. Your article will be of extra value to me as well as other people across the U.S. Thank you very much for running the article.

KEVIN SHAFFER
Springfield, Ohio

[HENRY J'S MEDICINE]

EDITORS: Your article on the Kaiser Foundation [November 1970] was right on! I work at the Kaiser Hospital in Oakland, California. As predicted in the article, Kaiser has raised by thousands the number of members it will accept without at the same time increasing its staff. Such greed has already meant wrong diagnoses and prescriptions due to harried and overworked staff; patients lying in dirty beds for hours at a time; infants getting serious staph infections due to unsanitary and careless procedures. With the new patient load, these situations are only going to get worse. . . .

NAME WITHHELD
Oakland, California

EDITORS: . . . I am not familiar with the Kaiser facilities in Northern California . . . [but] I find 90 per cent of Mrs. Carnoy's article very difficult to believe.

I have belonged to Kaiser Foundation (Southern California) since 1953. They have never lost my records, I have never been called in to be retested, and any illness any member of my family has had has been followed up. . . .

My husband does not belong to a union, therefore we belong to Kaiser Foundation by choice, on an individual family basis. . . . I'm not a tax expert and don't really know a lot about profit and non-profit organizations. I do know my spending $405 a year to belong to Kaiser is completely justified. The high quality of the health care has been proven over and over again. . . . I just finished a six-and-one-half-week stay at Kaiser Hospital in the San Fernando Valley. I found it neither dirty nor blood-spattered. My intravenous feedings never went dry and I never received the wrong drugs. . . .

No matter what else he was—all I can say is Thank God for Henry J!

ADRIENNE HAHN
Van Nuys, California

[LOYAL FOLLOWERS]

EDITORS: I have long purchased RAMPARTS from the stands, and only two months ago decided to enter a permanent subscription. My relationship with the magazine has been a rapidly accelerating appreciation for your journalism and ability to generate response to the situations on which you report. I am indeed hopeful that the magazine will continue to receive support from its readership.

Your promotional letter very aptly identifies its readers as involved in a relationship with the magazine. I have often felt that this is exactly what you have with your public—you indeed generate concerned involvement on my part. It was through your magazine that I learned of the Soledad affair in all its complexity, and I have felt morally obligated to contribute to that defense fund.

I wish the magazine and organization the greatest of luck in creating an enlarged readership and association of "loyal followers."

Yours faithfully,
LESLIE J. BARR
Beloit, Wisconsin

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Vengeance is mine,
saith the Judge.

Judge George Boldt, December 14, 1970: "I have no doubt my daily prayers for strength and guidance to be calm and understanding and patient in this case and to do that which is fair and just in the sight of our heavenly father have been answered. I believe divine providence may have given this court and others guidance to an effective solution of disruptive trials. I pray it may be so."

The Seattle Conspiracy has to count on the people.

The government has revealed a new strategy for a quick end to political trials that is even more dangerous than the original trumped-up charges of conspiracy and crossing state lines to incite riot. As the defense began to destroy the government's shoddy case, both the prosecution and the judge knew they would have to alter their strategy to railroad these political activists into jail.

The judge managed to stop the trial on the flimsy pretext of our "hopelessly prejudicing the jury" against ourselves by apologizing to them for being late to the courtroom. Then he found us in contempt and sentenced five defendants to one year in jail and two to six months. He denied bail and then refused to follow the order of the 9th circuit court of appeals to set bail After five weeks in federal jails the defendants were finally released on $25,000 bail apiece. The appeal on the contempt charge starts this month and a new trial on the original charges will begin soon. Our resources are totally depleted—the bail money was borrowed and must be repaid, and the expenses of the appeal and trial will be crippling. The defendants are confident they can beat the initial charges and attack the government's ability to use conspiracy laws agains political activists. Please help us.

Love in Struggle,

Joe Kelly
The Seattle 8

Seattle Conspiracy Defense Fund
Box 1984,
Seattle, Washington 98111

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370. TODAY IS THE FIRST DAY OF THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in sunlight reds orange & yellow. 22"x32". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
608. On paper. Pub. @ $6. Only **2.98**

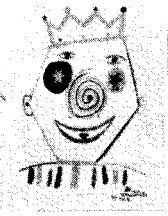
305. RYER. LOVERS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Rich browns, golds & tans. 18"x29". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
530. On paper. **2.98**

276. PICASSO. THE OLD GUITARIST. Silkscreen on canvas. Blues, greens. 18"x26" Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
514. Paper. Only **2.98**

312. PICASSO. LES PETIT FLEURS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** The immortal bouquet in full color. 20"x26" Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**

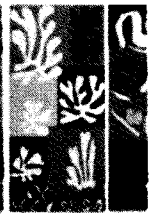
234. EL GRECO. VIEW OF TOLEDO. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Stormy blues & greens. Fabled Spanish city. 20"x22" Pub. @ $35. Only **6.95**

204. MODIGLIANI. SKETCH OF GIRL. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Shades of red; black lines. 18"x24". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
110. On paper. Only **2.98**



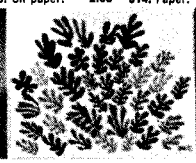
385. PICASSO. THE CLOWN. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Jovial circus shades of red, blue & yellow. 18"x26". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
619. On paper. **2.98**

247. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Soft blues and grays with black lines. 16"x20". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
185. On paper. Only **2.98**



280. PAIR OF MATISS Silkscreen on artist c Brilliant contemporar in full color. Each 13 Pub. @ $18. The
505. On paper. The

398. ROUSSEAU. THE SLEEPING GYPSY. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Blues, greens, browns, orange & charcoal. A great classic. 20"x31". Pub. @ $35. Only **9.95**
502. On paper. Only **6.95**



369. MATISSE. THE LEAVES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** The brightly composed arrangement of colored leaves. Sharp blue, red, green, brown, orange and black. 24"x30". Pub. @ $18. Only **6.95**

632. POWER. Silkscreen on art stock. Dayglo fire orange against a solid black. 20" x35". Only **1.98**

295. RYER. SEATED NUDE. Silksc. on **canvas.** Browns, golds & yellows. 20"x32". Pub. @ 15. Only **5.95**
518. On paper. **2.98**

266. REMBRANDT. MAN IN A GOLDEN HELMET. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Browns, golds & black. 20"x27". Pub. @ $10. Only **5.95**

258. RENOIR. LITTLE SHEPHERD. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** of the wistful young boy in poetic, pastel shades of green, blue & yellow. 18"x23". Only **1.00**

390. FLAMING LOVE. Silkscreen on canvas. Two lovers in dayglo red on black. 20"x26". Pub. @ $10. Only **4.95**
623. On paper. **1.98**

393. PICASSO. DOVE. Silkscreen on artist c The animated drawing the beautiful bird in Soft blue lines with a of green. 20"x26". Or

367. MILLET. THE ANGELUS. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** From the Louvre. Faithfully reproduced in the true colors. A serene homage to man's inner strength. 20"x24". Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

323. CHABAS. SEPTEMBER MORN. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** A classic depicted in pale translucent sunlight colors. 18"x24". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**

399. BUTTERFLY. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** with wild dayglo red, orange, chartreuse & green on matte black. 23"x29" Pub. @ $12. Only **4.95**
544. On paper. Only **1.98**

400. FEELIN' GROOVY. Silkscreen **canvas.** Dayglo cerise green, black & white. 23"x35". Only **4.95**
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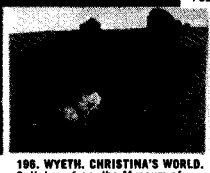
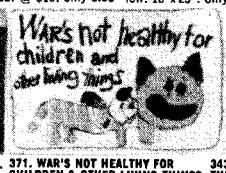


196. WYETH. CHRISTINA'S WORLD. Collotype from the Museum of Modern Art on fine art paper. Girl in open field of grass in harvest colors. Classic American Art. 28"x40". Only **7.50**



371. WAR'S NOT HEALTHY FOR CHILDREN & OTHER LIVING THINGS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Sparkling red, yellow & magenta. 22"x32". Pub. @ $12. Only **2.98**
610. On paper. Only **1.98**

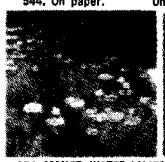
343. HUG. THE CHEETAH. Lithogr. on canvas. 22"x 28". Only **5.95**
575. Paper. **2.98**

404. NO MAN CAN LIVE WITH THE TERRIBLE KNOWLEDGE HE IS NOT NEEDED. Lithograph on **artist canvas** in black and white. 23"x35". Only **3.95**
618. On paper. Only **1.98**

282. HUG. Lithograph **canvas.** In brown, ye 22"x28". **508.** On pa

277. ROUSSEAU. VIRGIN FOREST AT SUNSET. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Bold jungle colors featuring strong greens clear yellow & sun orange. 20"x28". Pub. @ $23. Only **7.95**

284. HUG. THE LION. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** The magnificent beast in tans, browns and yellow. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
510. On paper. Only **2.98**



254. MONET. WATER LILIES. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in lovely shades of purple lavender & blue. Impressionist masterpiece. 22"x22" Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

262. HAUSMAN. A MAN AND A WOMAN. Silkscreen on artist canvas. "Now" colors. 16"x23". Pub. @ $15.
523. On paper. Only **2.98**

264. MONET SUNFLOWERS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** The classic still life in lush colors. 19"x24". Only **1.98** Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**

391. KLEE. TREPIDATION. Silkscreen on canvas of whimsical figures. Black, white & grey. 18"x24" Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
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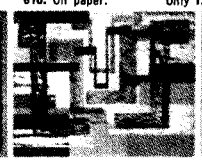
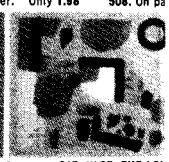


317. PEREIRA. LANDSCAPE OF THE ABSOLUTE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Beautiful abstract master work in various shades of blue on white. 20"x25". Pub. @ $20. Only **9.95**

283. HUG. THE TIGER. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** The magnificent feline in golden shades of brown, tan, yellow. 22"x28". Only **5.95**
509. On paper. Only **2.98**



217. KLEE. THE LOV A whimsical color f Contemporary silks **artist canvas.** 20"x Pub. @ $15. **147.** On paper.

531. TOULOUSE-LAUTREC. POSTERS. Set of four colliotype posters. Each 20"x28". Aristide Bruant, Moulin Rouge. Jane Avril and Divan Japonais. All four only **3.95**

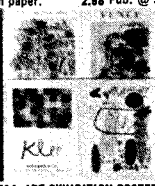
261. PICASSO. DON QUIXOTE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Stirring tribute to the Man of La Mancha in black & white. 18"x24". Only **2.98**

344. HUG. TIGER. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Red background. 22" x28". Only **5.95**
576. Paper. **2.98**

212. VAN GOGH. SUNFLOWERS. Silkscreen **artist canvas.** Vibrant palette of yellows greens & browns. 20"x26". Pub. @ $17. Only **6.95**

616. THEY SHOOT STUDENTS DON'T THEY? Poster on paper. Red, white blue & black. 23" x35". Only **2.98**

387. PICASSO. BLUE NUDE. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Shades of blue. 18"x24". Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
621. On paper. **2.98**



534. ART EXHIBITION POSTERS. All four faithfully reproduced on heavy art stock in exciting full color. KLEE, MIRO, DUFY, and CHAGALL. Each 20"x30". Only **3.95**

198. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR — AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen on paper. Dayglo red & black. 25"x38". A classic poster. Special **2.98**

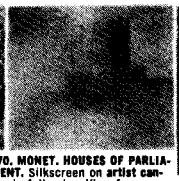
231. KNIGHT & LADY. PAIR MEDIEVAL BRASS RUBBINGS. Silkscreen canvas. Black & gold 12"x36". **165.** Paper.

271. VAN GOGH. STAR Silkscreen on **artist** Spectacular cypress against swirling starl Blues, greens & purp Pr. **3.95** 18"x24". Pub. $35. Pr. **6.95**

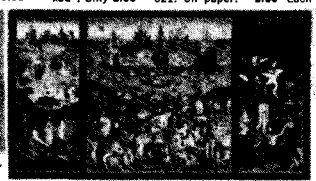
633. CAUTION BREATHING MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. Road sign yellow & black. 20" x20". Paper **1.98**

306. HAUSMAN. THE PARTING. Silkscreen on **canvas** in color. 16"x20". Only **2.98**
529. On paper. **1.98**

403. LOVE IS A MANY SPLENDID THING. Silkscr. on **canvas.** Gay dayglo. 23"x35" **4.95**
635. Paper **1.98**



270. MONET. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Silkscreen on **artist canvas** in full color. View from London Bridge overlooking the Thames. 20"x22". Pub. @ $20. Only **6.95**



401. BOSCH. THE GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS. Lithograph on **artist canvas.** Classic are in spectacular full color. 23"x35". Pub. @ $35. Only **9.95**
631. The above on paper. Pub. @ $15. Only **4.95**

313. PICASSO. DANCE OF PEACE. Silkscreen **artist canvas.** Color carousel. 20"x26" Pub. @ $12. Only **5.95**
627. On paper. **2.98**

278. FRAGONARD, YOUNG GIRL READING. Silkscr. on **canvas.** 20"x26". Pub. @ $17. Only **2.98**

395. PICASSO. THE ROOSTER. Silkscreen on artist canvas in bright gay colors. 20"x26". Only **5.95**
625. On Paper. **2.98**

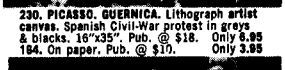
251. SEURAT. LA GRANDE JATT screen on **artist canvas** of the masterpiece, rendering shade through thousands of tiny colo in rich tones of green, blue an low. 18"x27". Only **5.95**

252. PICASSO. THREE MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Cubist masterpiece in strong & muted colors. 22"x24". Pub. @ $18. Only **5.95**

230. PICASSO. GUERNICA. Lithograph **artist canvas.** Spanish Civil-War protest in greys & blacks. 16"x35". Pub. @ $18. Only **6.95**
184. On paper. Pub. @ $10. Only **3.95**

526. BEN SHAHN. POSTER. Black & brown on fine white paper. 30"x45". Special **3.95**

629. IF IT FEELS GOOD DO IT. Silkscreen on fine art stock. Lively poster in gold w/black script 23"x 35". Special Only **2.98**



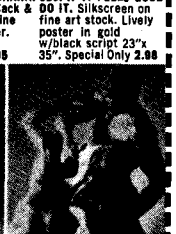
520. WANDA EMBRY, life size. 12"x63". Only **4.95**

237. UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Red, green & orange. 19"x28". Pub. @ $15. Only **5.95**
171. On paper. Only **2.98**

402. LOVE STORY Silkscreen on art**ist canvas.** Vivid red, blue & green. 15"x30". **5.95**
634. Paper. **2.98**

388. RAPHAEL. DAVID. Silkscreen canvas. Soft beige. 17" x32". Only **5.95**
622. Paper. **2.98**

245. PICASSO. MATERNITY. Silkscreen on **artist canvas.** Iridescent blue, black & pink shades. 15"x20". Pub. @ $20. Only **5.95**
184. On paper. **2.98**



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